Vol. CXXXIX. No. 1803.

Get TripleX -and be safe BRITISH SALMSON do

THE BYSTANDER JULY 6, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

Dinner, Dance & Cabaret : A Going-Out Guide

Stage : Films : Ballet : Sport : Society

1/-

ASK FOR 'GIN AND I did LILLET' -YOU'LL ENJOY IT—I do

5/6 a bottle.
Agents: Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd 16, Water Lane, E.C.3

DEMAND THE J&B BRAND OF TABLE WATERS

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

JEWSBURY & BROWN, LTD.
MANCHESTER and BRANCHES

BOLLINGER

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

1929 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

more than a name...

Highland Queen

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD.
DISTILLERS
LEITH·GLASGOW·LONDON

SPINK Est. 1772

cash buyers of... . . .

FINE JEWELS·DIAMONDS
ANTIQUE & MODERN SILVER

5,6 & 7 KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1.
TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 5275

GLENEAGLES Hotel

★ Under the direction of ARTHUR TOWLE Controller
L M S Hotel Services
St. Pancras Chambers
London, N.W.1.

Restaurant & Sleeping Car Expresses from London.

PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND

Open Easter to November

THE ACADEMY OF BEAUTY CULTURE, LTD.

73, NEW BOND STREET, W.1

Telephone : Mayfair 0438

A SELECT SCHOOL GIVES A THOROUGH TRAINING IN ALL BRANCHES.

PRICE ONE SHILLING : By Inland Post 1s. 1d. OFFICES—LONDON : 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. PARIS : 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris viii. Regd. at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

BRITISH HOTELS

IT'S TIME YOU HAD A HOLIDAY

Pack up and leave your troubles behind you. Come and stay at a hotel whose comfort and convenience have appealed to Royalty; but whose terms do not embarrass those with modest incomes. Enjoy such amenities as a 120 ft. sun lounge, famous chef, the choice of 100 centrally-heated rooms with hot and cold water, large and small suites, lift, garage, golf and tennis nearby, full licence. Terms from as low as 4½ Gns. weekly. Write for tariff to-day.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA Facing Sea *'Phone: Hastings 869*

BALMER LAWN HOTEL
BROCKENHURST

Country House Hospitality. Famous Sporting Centre. Nice Garden. Cocktail Bar. Private Garages. Golf. Tennis. Riding.

Telephone: Brockenhurst 136.

THE HONYWOOD HOTELS

EASTBOURNE

THE CAVENDISH

A.A. Five Star :: Facing the Channel

Cocktail Bar :: Sun-lounge :: Music :: Dancing

Tel.: EASTBOURNE 2740

SCOTTISH HOTELS

STRATHSPEY

CAIRNGORM HOTEL, AVIEMORE

Magnificent Scenery and Health-Giving Air. Grounds, 2 Acres. Golf Course within easy reach. Thirty Bedrooms. Electric Light. Running Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Central Heating.

Telephone: Aviemore 233. A.A. and R.A.C. Apply Manageress.

CALLANDER
PALACE HOTEL

Every comfort and facility for rest or enjoyment after a strenuous day at the Empire Exhibition, which is within an hour's journey. It stands in 48 acres of Private Grounds. Golf, Tennis, Fishing and Motoring. Delightful Walks and Drives in a glorious countryside famous in Scots Song and Story. Cuisine *par excellence*. Service superb.

'Phone: 45 Callander. *Brochure on request from the Manager.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

ENJOY PARIS TO THE FULL BY STAYING AT THE

HOTEL CLARIDGE

74, *AVENUE DES CHAMPS-ELYSÉES*

where English is spoken and English tastes are understood. This Hotel was re-opened in May, 1937, and has been entirely renovated. The cuisine is the finest in Paris—under the direction of Dreneau, former chef of Ciro.

NEW MANAGEMENT.

HOULGATE ON SEA

Picturesque Normandy — 10 minutes from Deauville.

GRAND HOTEL

SANDY BEACH — GOLF — TENNIS

Frequent autocars along Coast. SEASON FROM JULY 1.

LE TOUQUET HOLIDAYS

HOTEL REGINA, ON SEA FRONT, 5 guineas, HOTEL DES ANGLAIS, IN FOREST, 5½ guineas

PER WEEK. FULL BOARD, TAXES AND SERVICE

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning
THE BYSTANDER
when replying to their announcements.

AUSTRIA

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l.—1½ hrs. fr. Vienna **Suedbahn Hotel.** The Golfer's Home.—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Brussels.—Hotel Metropole.—The leading Hotel. The finest Hotel Rooms in the World.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

BELGIUM—*Continued*

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near golf, Casino, Bathing, Tennis, Specia early Season rates.

Knocke-Zoute.—Rubens Hotel.—Best First class hotel facing sea. Nr. Casino, golf, ten Apply for prospectus M. Vandenbosch.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—C.S.R. Hotl. Konigsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*Continued*

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Jubile, 125 Av. Ch. Elysées. 100 rooms with private bath. Close to the Arc de Triomphe. From 10/-. Priv. Suites.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis, Swim. Inc. fr. Frs. 110, with bath fr. Frs. 135

Houlgate-on-Sea.—Grand Hotel.—Picturesq. Normandy 10 min. fr. Deauville. Sandy Beach. Golf. Ten. Autocars along Coast. Mod. tms.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera—Navirotel.—Nr. Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for Illustrated booklet.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.) Golf Hotel.—Facing Links. New Lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st. class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st. cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax fr. £3.10. With priv. bath £5

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden. — Bellevue. — The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Stephanie.—The leading Hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renov. 260 beds. Rms. fr. R.M.5. Pens. fr. R.M.11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close casino. Pension terms R.M 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl.—Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished family hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-cl. Fam. Hotel. Unique locat. in quiet. pos. of the Kur-Park oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The home of the discriminating client.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rms., 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus) Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built in 1931. Terms fr. R.M 10.50.

Cologne.—Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. Hotel, quiet sit., homely. Incl. tms. fr. R.M. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The idg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn. Pk., Terraces. Reduced rates. Gar.—Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. W'ld ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. Grill. Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6.-, 75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main.— Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station 300 beds. From R.M.4.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill-room. Bar.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Ev. com. Prospec. thro' propr. Hanns Kilian.

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful sit. 1st. class hotel. Every comf. at Mod. Terms.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of International name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from R.M.5.

Königswinter on Rh.—Kurhotel Petersberg.—High class. Overlooking Rhine valley. Motor rd. Rack rail. Gar. Spts. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.50

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

GERMANY—*Continued*

Lindau (Lake Constance).—Hotel Bad Schachen.—1st-class throughout—200 rooms—priv. beach—extens. park—tennis—mod. terms.

Mannheim - Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—The leading house at moderate prices. 240 beds, 100 bathrms. Prop.: Fritz Gabler.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel "Der Konigshof" Karlsplatz.—First-class. Central sit. 150 rms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New Garage in hotel.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof).—First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms fr. R.M. 3.50 onwards

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Sasbachwalden.—Bl. For.—**Landhaus Fuchs.**—20 mls. from Baden-Baden, a country house—private swim. pool.—R.A.C.. N.T.C. hotel.

Triberg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest home for English people. First class. Full illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage Pen. from Mks. 9

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M. 10

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from R.M. 12

SWITZERLAND.

Davos Palace Hotel, Summer 1938.—Rooms from Frs. 6. Full board Frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8000 feet.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—With its open-air Restaurant. Terrace on the Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All comfort. Rooms from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Metropole & National.—The comf. hotel on the lake side and nearest to business centre. Rooms from Frs. 6. Pens. from Frs. 14.

Glion (2200 ft. ab. sea level)—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Hotel, view of Lake Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 min. from Montreux.

Grindelwald.—Bear Grand Hotel.—The gay centre for holiday-makers. Ten., swimming, excursions, amusements. Terms from Sh. 14

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf, Tennis, Swimming.

Gunten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun.).—Full sth. on lake front. Lge. Pk. Gar. 1st.-cl. fam. hotl. Bathing, Ten., Golf. Pens. from Frs. 12.50.

Interlaken.—Htl. Schweizerhof.—Rnwnd. for its fine sit., ex. cooking, and comf. Rms. from Frs. 6. Pens. rates fr. Frs. 14. Gar., ten., swim.

Interlaken.—Grd. Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau.—Finest sit. on main prom. facing Jungfrau. Absolutely first-class. Pens. rate fr. Frs. 17.

Klosters.—Grand Hotel Vereina.—First-class. Home of best English Soc. All Sum. Sports. Lake bathing. Pens. terms fr. Frs. 15 up.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—on the lake 110 beds The best first-class hotel entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage, Garden.

Lausanne.—Royal Hotel.—Superior First class Hotel. Ideal position in large park. Every convenience. Inclusive terms fr. 15/-.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—(First-class). Magnificent. View of lake and Alps. Rooms from Frs. 5. Inclusive from Frs. 12.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—Beau-Rivage-Palace.—The leading Family Hotel in splendid Park on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Lausanne - Ouchy.—Hotel Du Château.—First-class hotel in own park on the Lake. Room from Frs. 5 up. En pension from 12 up.

Lenk (Bernese Oberland).—**Sporthotel Wild-Strubel.**—Alpine Flora at its best, easy walks, mountain tours. Every comft. From Frs. 10.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.—In own large grounds. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. En pension rates fr. Frs. 13.

Lucerne. — Hotel Beau-Rivage. — Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 14.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—First class. Finest situation on lake. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths free. Park, tennis garage.

(Continued on page iii of cover)

The Bystander, July 6, 1938 No. 1803. Vol. CXXXIX.

The Bystander

G. Maillard Kesslere

Claire Luce Takes a European Holiday

After seven months in the only woman's part in the New York success *Of Mice and Men*, Claire Luce has come to Europe for a rest. She is taking the sort of holiday everyone would like—her only definite plan is to follow her whims. One of these flew her to Stockholm a fortnight ago. Another flies her from Southampton to Athens on Friday, "but I might stop en route in the South of France." She is going to explore the Isles of Greece in a little boat (she was born at Syracuse, N.Y.), vaguely mentions India as a possible follow-on. In the autumn, if she doesn't have to return to *Of Mice and Men*, she may be seen on our stage. She means to write a book about herself

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 78

Adolphe Menjou

ADOLPHE MENJOU is half-Irish and half-Basque, his mother being Norah Joyce from County Galway and his father from the Commune d'Arbus, twelve kilometres from Pau. Adolphe himself was born in Pittsburg and went to school there until he was seven. His father then moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where Adolphe remained until he was sixteen. He then went to the American equivalent of Wellington College and from there to Cornell University. Even then he had hankerings for amateur theatricals, especially French plays, for he has spoken French since he was an infant, if only because his grandmother never learnt a word of English, though she lived forty years with his parents in the United States.

IN 1913 his father, who had hotels all over the United States, failed. Having no money, he sent Adolphe to New York with his blessing and 1750 dollars'-worth of bad debts if he could collect them. Adolphe did so in four days and spent them in four months. Whereupon he worked as a farmer on Vincent Astor's farm, all that he had saved from the wreck being a case of Krug champagne. When the harvesting season ended he went to the Astor Hotel with his cheque for 12 dollars 50 cents and spent it on drinks in the course of one afternoon. Having starved agreeably for a few days, he made his first professional appearance on the stage in an elderly vaudeville act called *The Grafter*, in which he played the part of a newspaper reporter at a nominal 27 dollars a week and an actual 50 dollars a month.

AFTER six months he returned to New York flat broke, to find that his father was in business again. He rejoined him. Then Arthur Cozine suggested that he went into pictures. "What are they?" asked Adolphe, for at that time they were merely nickelodians. Having learnt the answer, he joined the Vitagraph Company and got his first job in *The Man Behind the Door*, at 5 dollars a day as a riding-master. For this he borrowed a morning coat from his landlord, hired a tall-hat for 50 cents, and was supplied with the rest of the kit by the studio. He was now "off to the races," playing Greek, Spanish, and generally villainous parts in fifteen consecutive pictures.

BUT he still wanted to rejoin his father, and had actually gone back to him when a producer lunching in the hotel told him to go to Florida to play in a picture in which he promised him a part. This called for a morning coat, evening dress, and dinner jacket. Adolphe pawned a ring for 65 dollars, got the clothes, reported for work, and found that the picture had been called off. This was an office on the eighth floor of a tall building of which the sixth floor was occupied by Fox Film Company. Going down in the lift Adolphe saw a crowd of extras; learnt that they were casting for a French play called *A Parisian Romance*, and got a job at 10 dollars a day immediately. One of the leading actors, however, turned out to be so bad that Adolphe was given the part, and after two or three days demanded 150 dollars a week but accepted 100.

HE was once again "off to the races." But the war broke out and he went with the first American detachment to Italy and from there was transferred to France, being attached to the French troops in the Argonne and on the Meuse. Finally he came out of the Army as a captain and with 3000 dollars saved. He thereupon went into the steamship business; but becoming bored after three months, produced a film which was a flop; married, refused to change his name to Jack Blyth; got his first chance in *The Three Musketeers* and his great chance from Chaplin in *A Woman of Paris*. There followed a series of Paramount pictures, in which he starred (*Service for Ladies*, among them). Then came the talkies. Adolphe was in a spot, went to Paris, made the first French talkie in France, returned to Hollywood, played in *Morocco*, with Marlene Dietrich, then in a series of cheeseroos until he was "off to the races" again with *Front Page*.

HE has never looked back since; has drunk no alcohol for 3½ years, but eats anything, preferably Portuguese oysters. Adolphe has a crisp manner, a shrewd sense of his earning capabilities, a handicap of 14 at golf, a beautiful wife (Verree Teasdale), and many years of lucrative employment ahead of him.

Charles Graves

Donald Budge of California

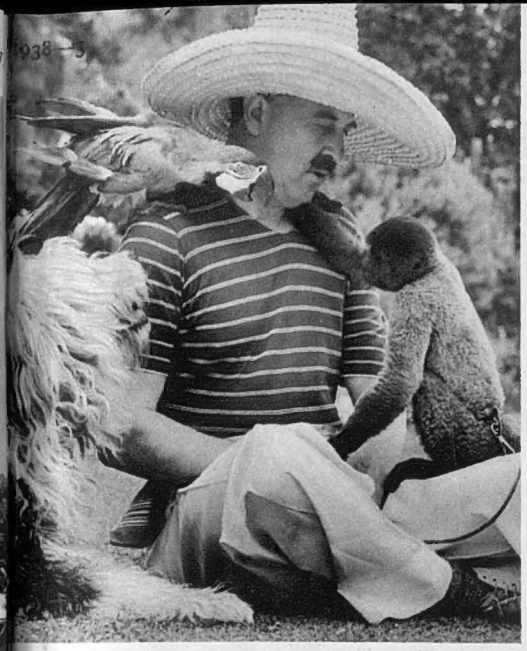
This young man with the grin, the mop of ropy hair, the mottled, sinewy arms, comes from the American seaboard state which gave us, for good or ill, Alice Marble, Helen Jacobs, Helen Wills Moody. When Donald Budge opened the All-England Championships on Wimbledon's Centre Court (with a double fault) there were numerous impressive facts about him. He was the first American to have won at Auteuil. He was the first man to hold at once the world's four great championships (America, Australia, France and All-England). He was defending three Wimbledon titles (singles, doubles, mixed doubles). Budge's playing is most often described as nerveless; he relies more on imperturbable power and accuracy than on shrewd tactics. This was demonstrated in his final against Austin when, starting 5—1 favourite, he beat the mellifluous Englishman in straight sets

Henley Royal Regatta *becomes increasingly popular with Americans and dwindlingly popular with Europeans, it seems. This year there were four American challenges and none from the Continent — Swiss de Graffenried scratching his Diamonds entry. The picture shows Harvard University, rather surprisingly entered for the Thames Cup, beating the local rowing club in their first heat. That day there was a nasty wind (see poplar trees) and overcast sky. The other Americans were Yale University, Kent School, and Burk the sculler*

Holidays *was the reason for getting into the open on the part of the Hon. David and Lady Anne Rhys and Elizabeth Maud and Llewellyn Arthur ; the family have been at Selsey, in Sussex. The two children have Lord Dynevor as paternal grandfather, the Duke of Wellington as maternal grandfather*

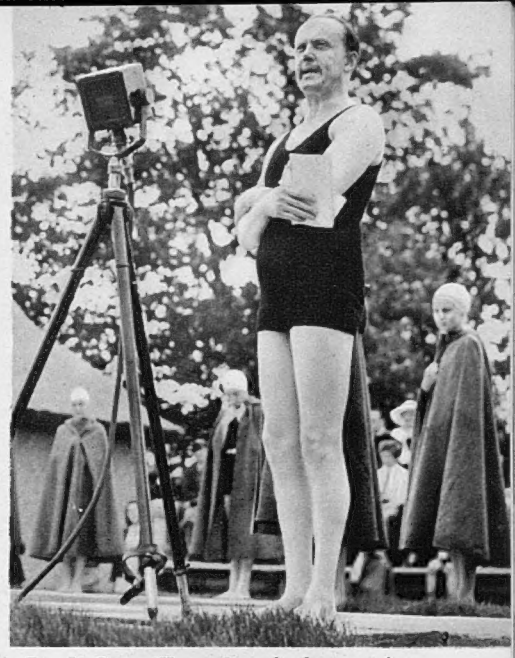
Watching *polo was chosen by Mr. Stanley Clarke and Lady Chesham. They saw the curious but convincing defeat of Jaguars by Texas Rangers in the Champion Cup at Hurlingham— the winners scoring seven goals in eight minutes in the first chukka*

Watching *polo was also chosen, naturally, by the film producer and polo player Darryl Zanuck and his wife. They too were at Hurlingham for the Champion Cup final. In the latter parts of this game Jaguars held the Rangers better. Result : 14—3 to Rangers*



Petting *was Mr. Oliver Hill's occupation when this picture was taken. The architect of the British Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition leads an alfresco life in a converted Haslemere farmhouse, playing with sheepdog, parrot and monkey or other dumb friends*

A Tempest *greeted the opening of "The Tempest" at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park last week, but evidently did not dismay the two extra-natural creatures of the piece, played by Robert Atkins and Peggy Bryan. "The Tempest" gives way to "Twelfth Night" next week*



Lord Sempill *performed the opening ceremony of a new swimming-pool at Birklands girls' school, made a speech and then plunged into the water with the young ladies. Birklands claims to be one of the oldest girls' schools in the country*

In the Open Air

Rowing, Cycling, Speech-Making, Idling, Watching Other People

The bicyclists *on the right are newly-married Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, rivals with the Roosevelt young-marrieds (p. 8) as America's most photographed June coupling. Mrs. Vanderbilt was Manuela Hudson; her husband is heir to £4,000,000 and America's finest racing stable: he does not ride horses himself*

The ballet *below is "Le Cricket," as you guessed. It was part of the Ballet Rambert programme given in Mr. Montagu Norman's garden in aid of the Kensington Housing Trust*

Watching *the White's Club tournament at Princes, Sandwich, were Lady Prescott (top) and Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd, both wearing coloured scarves peasant-fashion, both standing by the Buffs G. S. bench*

Rainy Speech-Making in the Midlands

The Duchess of Gloucester spent two days in the Midlands last week; on Thursday she opened the new wing of the Studley Agricultural College for Women in Warwickshire. Lord Henry Seymour, one of the big men of the neighbourhood, held an umbrella over Her Royal Highness during a brief shower; Mr. Anthony Eden, in whose constituency the event took place, held an umbrella over his own head

Advertising Speeches in Scotland

Lord Southwood, president of the Advertising Association, spoke to a thousand listeners from seventeen countries when he opened the fourth International Advertising Convention at the Glasgow Empire Exhibition. He stressed the responsibilities of advertisers and "the cultural and educative influence of advertising"

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE strange triangle—or perhaps it would be an apter metaphor to say the strange tricycle—Chamberlain-Mussolini-Franco—is steadily wobbling to the Tattenham Corner of its course. Mussolini has staked his reputation and his prestige on a Franco victory. This victory must come quickly because (a) Italy's already crippled resources will not stand another winter campaign; (b) Italy is fed up with the Spanish war; (c) Italy's internal position is precarious.

Mr. Chamberlain has staked his reputation and prestige upon getting his agreement with Mussolini. The third wheel of the tricycle goes where the other two tell it to.

BUT Mussolini, in order to hustle Franco's victory, bombs British ships. Mr. Chamberlain, therefore, must either accept the bombing meekly or must cancel the agreement. So the position at the moment is that Mussolini prefers a Franco victory to the Chamberlain agreement, and that Mr. Chamberlain prefers the agreement to pretty nearly everything. But public opinion in this country is getting a bit tired of the bombing, and the Prime Minister has already been forced by its pressure to beg Rome to beg Franco not to be so unkind to our sailors.

THIS dignified request that Italy should take the Union Jack under its protection in the Mediterranean comes at an opportune moment. For almost simultaneously the Barcelona Government hinted that if the air-raids on open, undefended towns continued, it might retaliate on the aerodromes in Majorca from which the bombing aeroplanes come. Instantly a howl of rage arose in the Italian press against this proposed outrage on "Italian interests" and the "headquarters of the Italian volunteers." In other words, it is officially admitted that Italian aeroplanes are killing the British sailors. It is all the more fitting, therefore, that this dignified request for protection should be made to Rome before the Pact of Friendship and Goodwill should be actually ratified.

MR. DINGLE FOOT, brisk young Liberal M.P. for Dundee, mentioned in the House not so long ago, almost casually, that under the Official Secrets Act even a Member of Parliament could be hauled up before the gendarmerie and questioned about his sources of information. The House was partly staggered and partly incredulous. Proof has not been long in coming, and the Sandys case is likely to be historic in the long annals of Parliament.

THE speed with which the War Office acted in setting up a Court of Inquiry into the alleged leakage of information about anti-aircraft guns and instruments, and the general excitement and shindy at the War House which the whole episode caused, may be proof that there is no shortage of vigilance, energy, and decision in high military circles. It may also be an indication of something else.

THE Scottish Nationalist Party held a meeting near the field of Bannockburn on the anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn, June 25th. At the meeting it was announced that every town council in Scotland had been asked to fly the Scottish flag on the day. Three only refused—Inverness, Glasgow, and Ayr (not unassociated with Burns). By an odd chance, there was no flag on the flagstaff on the battlefield itself.

THE Highlands of Scotland were once a place in which free and independent men hunted and fished (and stole) and played the pipes. Last week I was on Speyside and was told how the cottagers refused to eat rabbits or hares, and threw away the trout which they

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—is on pp. C—G before the Frontispiece

A General in Knightsbridge

General Sir Edmund Ironside and his dog were on their way to the Eastern Command headquarters in Whitehall, where the Army Council's secrets-leakage court of inquiry met and was at once adjourned

Sisters in Regent's Park

Daphne and Sylvia Marriott are both working at the Open Air Theatre, Daphne on the business side; Sylvia as Miranda in "The Tempest." They are daughters of Hugh Marriott, Governor of the Imperial Institute

Baby Austin

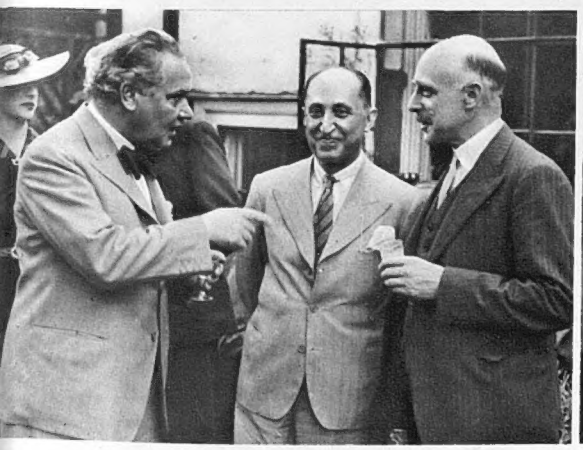
While H. W. Austin was climbing up the earlier rounds to the Wimbledon final, his wife presented him with their first-born. The baby girl will be called Jennifer. Mrs. Austin is Phyllis Konstam, the actress

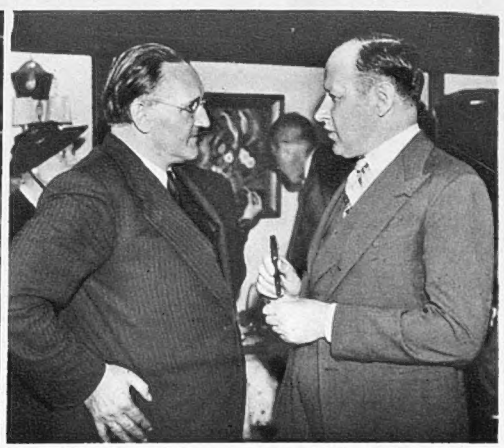
caught for amusement. "Och, they aren't fish for eating," they said. "Sardines are the only fish for eating."

Two considerations seem to emerge from the second Test Match. The first is that four days is too short a time in which to get a decision in these days of brilliant batting and mediocre bowling. The second is that it is high time the M.C.C. modernised and enlarged its accommodation. A lesson might well be learnt from the Arsenal Football Club.

Mr. H. S. Altham's book on cricket has been revised with the help of Mr. E. W. Swanton and brought up to date. It is probably the best, and certainly the most comprehensive, book on the game of the last twenty years. It starts from the beginning of cricket and brings the story down to the present year. One misses the famous action photographs of Beldam's book, and I think that once again the Jardine-Larwood controversy has been shirked in a desire not to cause offence to certain ultra-sensitive souls, but all the same, it is a capital book, well worth buying.

There are certain points in the ethics of amateur lawn tennis which have always been a mystery to me. One of them cropped up again at Wimbledon this year. A lady player of great distinction was "foot-faulted" by the gentleman who had been specially appointed by the management to sit in a chair and keep a sharp look-out for "foot-faults." The lady looked pained and served again, and the judge again cried "fault." After this had happened several times the lady grew a little vexed, and the referee thereupon sacked the judge. A new one was appointed. It is not recorded whether any more foot-faults were served. Certainly none were called. And everyone was happy, except perhaps the lady's opponent, the judge himself, and the blind Goddess of Justice.





Talking About the Latest Thing in Music at Harriet Cohen's Cocktail-Party

C. W. R. Nevinson, the artist, Ali Soheily, the Iranian Minister, and Sir Stephen Tallents, B.B.C. Public Relations Controller, were at pianist Harriet Cohen's cocktail-party in honour of Professor Edward Dent, a founder and president since its foundation of the International Society for Contemporary Music

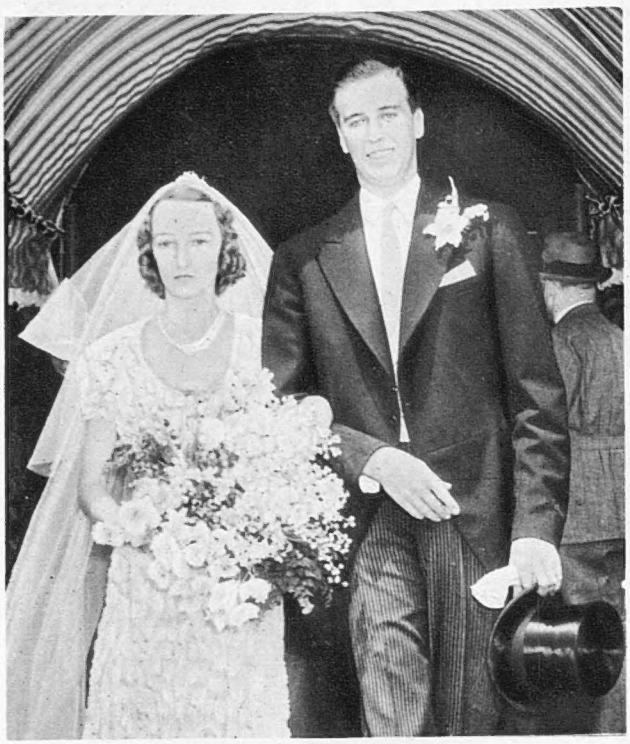
Two more guests were Eugene Goossens, the composer-conductor, and Dr. Herman Scherchen, who conducted several works played during the I.S.C.M.'s Festival. Miss Cohen's party was a wind-up social event after a week's strenuous music-making by the advance guard of that art

The Latest R.A.

Mr. Walter Thomas Monnington, elected Royal Academician last week, is not only the youngest R.A. by ten years, but one of the youngest Academicians ever alive. He is not an innovator in art; his academic style may be seen in murals at the B. of E. or St. Stephen's Hall

Social Register

FOUR WEDDINGS



Miss Anne Clark and Mr. John Roosevelt

John Aspinall Roosevelt, youngest son of the President of the United States of America and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, married Anne Lindsay Clark of Boston, at Union Church, Nahant, Massachusetts, three weeks ago

Herr Kunz and Miss Waldegrave

Adolf Kunz, Counsellor of Legation at the German Embassy, son of Herr Adolf Kunz of Vienna, and the Hon. Esther Waldegrave, eldest daughter of Lord Radstock, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Mr. Jolly and Lady

Stewart Croft Jolly and Lady at St. Margaret's, Westminster. H. S. Jolly, Chief Registrar of Stewart Jolly, of 7, Harrington of the late Earl of Clancarty

GUESTS AT PARTIES

Right: Mary Boot, Lord and Lady Trent's debutante daughter, wore poppies on her head to match the ones embroidered on her dress when she went to the Waifs and Strays Ball at the Dorchester. She is with George Dare

Mr. George Dare and

A CHRISTENING

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Neame's Son and His Godparents

Timothy Roger Hancox Neame was christened at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The crying young gentleman is being held by his mother (who was Mrs. Daisy Bendix), with his father standing next him. His godmothers are Lady Moira Combe and Mrs. Julie Thompson. His godfathers are Sir Victor Sassoon, Mr. Charles Munn and Mr. Victor Goodman

Miss McClean and Miss Royds

Alma Le Poer Trench

Alma le Poer Trench were married He is the son of the late the Supreme Court, and Mrs. Court, S.W.7. She is the daughter and Mary Countess of Clancarty

Mr. Riseley and Miss Angela Manning

Robert Castle Riseley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Riseley, of Brackley, Weybridge, Surrey, and Angela Manning, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Manning, of 50, Hans Crescent, S.W.1, and Glenoe, Bembridge, I.O.W., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

LA GRANDE SEMAINE IN PARIS

Mrs. Ruth Wardell

Mrs. Wardell, wearing a big white hat with her black dress, was over for the Grand Prix. There have never been so many English people at Longchamp before, so they say

the Hon. Mary Boot

Lady Patricia Latham and Mr. Edward Seago

Left: Lady Patricia Latham and Edward Seago the artist were at Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones' "at-home" in York Gate in connection with the Twentieth-Century German Art Exhibition

Miss Primula Rollo and Princess Alexandria of Greece

The four young things above and below were all watching the France v. England polo match at Bagatelle, which France won, 4—2. Primula Rollo is Lady Kathleen Rollo's ex-deb daughter. Princess Alexandria is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Princess Aspasia of Greece. Irene du Plessis and Gullane Dresselhuys, Lady Kemsley's daughter by her first marriage, are cousins, will come out next year, were staying with their aunt, Baronne Van de Heyden a Hauzeur

Left: Minna Mary Royds was a bridesmaid to Lady Alma Le Poer Trench. Like the bride, she was a debutante last year, and so was Iona McClean, Sir Francis McClean's daughter, who is with her

Miss de Burgh Whyte, Mr. Le Poer Trench

Right: Joan de Burgh Whyte was another guest at the Jolly—Trench wedding; was talking to the Hon. Power Le Poer Trench, the bride's half-brother

Mlle. Irene du Plessis and Miss Gullane Dresselhuys

Four Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Miss Hilary Charles

Hilary Charles is engaged to Brian Robertson Williams, the Life Guards, younger son of the late Wellington A. Williams, of Shernfold Park, Frant, Sussex. She is the younger daughter of the late David Charles, and Mrs. Charles, of 25, Davies Street, W.1. Her two sisters are Mrs. Michael Portman and Mrs. Owen Roberts

Lenare

The Hon. Rosemary Lever

Rosemary Lever is the younger daughter of Viscount Leverhulme, and Mrs. Selden Long, of 23, Hans Place, S.W.1. She is engaged to Capt. William E. S. Whetherley, King's Dragoon Guards, eldest son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. Stobart Whetherley. Her brother, the Hon. Philip Lever, who married Margaret Ann Moon last year, had a daughter two months ago

Catherine Bell

The Hon. Diana Betterton

Diana Betterton is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Rushcliffe, and announced her engagement a month ago to Richard Wyndham-Quin Going, King's Own Scottish Borderers. He is the elder son of the late J. D. Going, of Violet Hill, Co. Clare, and Mrs. Going, of Vanessa, Hindhead, Surrey. Her sister, Claudia, married Derek Alhusen a year ago last May

Bassano

The Hon. Barbara Eden

Barbara Eden is the eldest of Lord and Lady Henley's three daughters, and is engaged to Peter Calvocoressi, son of Pandia Calvocoressi, of 23, Hyde Park Gardens, W.2, and the late Mrs. Calvocoressi. Lord Henley's places are Askerton Castle, Cumberland, and Watford Court, Rugby. Lady Henley is an aunt of the Earl of Carlisle

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Golden Boy" (St. James's)

MR. CLIFFORD ODETS is the latest cry in American playwrights. His *Waiting for Lefty* has repercussed in this country, despite the fact that it may not be publicly performed. His *Golden Boy* ran a couple of years in New York and was hailed as a dramatic masterpiece. Its presentation at the St. James's Theatre consequently aroused high expectations—expectations which, in the case of at least two members of the audience, were not fulfilled. If Mr. Odets has something to say, in *Golden Boy* he has quite definitely not said it. He gives us, in his Jewish interior, warmth and humanity. He turns with ease a taut and twisty phrase. But so preponderant is the sentiment that half-way through I found myself asking whether *Golden Boy* was really any more significant than *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. Almost at the same instant a friend in front of me turned and whispered, "Why not *Abie's Irish Rose*?" And really, though there is no Abie and though there is no Irish in the piece, *Abie* '38 would be a by no means inappropriate title.

THE conflict is between a Jewish father, who passionately desires his boy to develop his (off-stage) talent for the violin, and the boy, who prefers to develop his skill in pugilism, since this not merely brings in big money but enables him to see much of his manager's best girl. There is a moving moment at the end of the first act when the boy is about to leave home and when father and son, shouting at each other in fury, are suddenly, without one word of reconciliation, in each other's arms. This is exciting because it is unexpected and inevitable. But, being neither unexpected nor inevitable, other moments that are supposed to be big moments leave one blank. The father having feared too emphatically lest pugilism should so damage his boy's hands as to make them incapable of the violin for evermore, the occurrence of this catastrophe at the close of Act II. is nothing more than what we knew would happen. While the announcement at the finish of the play that the boy and his manager's best girl have crashed to death in a car is just one of those things audiences can't help and playwrights should avoid. There is a special reason for the death of everybody at the end of *Hamlet*, but for the death at the end of *Golden Boy* the only reason is the convenience of the author.

Golden boy: Joe Bonaparte (Luther Adler)

BOXING talk and boxing types help to maintain a lively atmosphere through many of the scenes, but it is in the heart of the Jewish family that the best of the play is to be found. A beautiful performance that might have pleased Rembrandt comes from Mr. Morris Carnovsky as the father. As a laughing, good-humoured, empty-headed daughter-in-law, Miss Phœbe Brand achieves the unexpected and inevitable that I have suggested to be the hall-mark of the highest art. The whole of the American company may be commended. Mr. Luther Adler, as the hero, works well. If this is not a striking performance, this is not, after all, a striking character—pugilism, of course, apart.

Sketches by Rouson

Assorted managers: Elia Kazan, Roman Bohnen, Robert Lewis

Love interest: Lorna Moon (Lillian Emerson)

The Bonapartes at home: Morris Carnovsky and Will Lee

Films of the Day

Duvivier, Good; Borzage, Excellent; Lang, Poor

By George Campbell

JULIEN DUVIVIER is one of the few directors whose anonymous works you could be tolerably sure of identifying. His best is superb; and even his second best has a characteristic approach to life, an eye for the weaknesses of mankind, a sardonic humour, which in combination are his and his alone. In other words he has a philosophy and he has style.

L'Homme du Jour is Duvivier below his best, which is still uncommonly good. The story is diffuse, the fertiliser of wit a trifle thinly spread. Still, it is something that the wit is there, in a season that has brought more witless pictures, English and American, than I ever remember seeing.

"L'HOMME DU JOUR" is a satire, and a daring one. Daring because the shafts are aimed for once at a target that can hit back—the general public. The millions of sensation-lovers who read tabloid newspapers, and get a fresh thrill out of every cheap stunt and new freak—these are the people Duvivier is taking a smack at, and the picture he paints isn't pretty. The little boarding-house group who stand for the masses are represented as stupid and cruel, running after one of their number because by accident he finds himself on every front page, robbing him and jeering at him and playing heartless practical jokes when the papers have dropped him for somebody else.

The satire is all the more effective for being good-humoured, and Maurice Chevalier is just the man to play the simple, kindly stage-electrician who happens to be around when the egotistic star needs a blood transfusion to save her life. The operation, not a very funny process in itself, is made extraordinarily entertaining—"I feel I'm getting empty," remarks the electrician a trifle doubtfully; "Leave a little drop for me"—and the dinner the star gives him, and her attempts to make him into a tragedian, reciting Corneille and Racine, are high comedy in the grand French manner.

The lady takes him off to her château, and contrives that his room shall be next to hers; at midnight, she delicately hints, she expects him to play Romeo to her Juliet. But the poor young man is tired, and his cunning old peasant mother sits on his bed and talks and talks till he falls asleep; and when he wakes next morning it is to find his hostess dashing off in a high temper and a fast car. So back he goes to Paris, where, he assures his mother proudly, he is a celebrity, only to find that he is forgotten. Everybody is now raving about a foreigner who is walking across France on his hands. The electrician's original girl-friend suffers similar humiliation in her quest of fame as a singer, and the story ends with the reflection that the cobbler should stick to his last.

Josette Day and Maurice Chevalier in "L'Homme du Jour"

Having broken the news with Jack Buchanan, Maurice Chevalier crossed the Channel to make a film with Josette Day and Elvire Popesco under Julien Duvivier's direction. That film has now crossed the Channel to the Berkeley Cinema, is a French version of the satire in "Nothing Sacred," is not Duvivier at his best, but still well worth seeing

AFTER the feeble *The Road Back*, I had no wish to have my memories of *All Quiet on the Western Front* spoiled by any more sequels. *Three Comrades* comes as a most agreeable surprise. If it has not the freshness, the dramatic impact, of Remarque's first work, it is still a first-class job of film-making, distinguished by imagination, burning sincerity, and highly intelligent direction and acting. The theme is the same as that of *The Road Back*. The war is over, and three young airmen find themselves out of work. They agree to stick together and run a motor-repair business. But business is bad, the people are hungry and discontented, there is violence and sniping in the streets. Even when romance comes to one of the three, his wife turns out to be consumptive, and the story ends with her deliberately ending her life so that she won't be a burden, and the murder of one of the comrades by a terrorist. Though it has its lighter moments, *Three Comrades* is a sombre study in frustration, full of bitterness against tyranny and nostalgic longing for a way of life that has passed. If this goes against it at the box-office, I shall be sorry, for it is a notable picture, finely conceived, and produced with a courage not common in Hollywood—or anywhere else. Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Margaret Sullavan are the principals; Frank Borzage directed.

"YOU AND ME" will probably fail at the box-office because the producers quite obviously thought of nothing else. When the story got the hero and heroine in a frightful mess, Fritz Lang, we are told, asked all manner of male and female friends whether the ending should be happy or unhappy. The women, it seems, were all in favour of a happy ending; so happy the ending is, with the crooks all escaping the penitentiary, husband and wife in each other's arms, and a baby chucked in for luck. The general lesson is the one stated in the opening song, sung against a background of ermines and diamonds and automobiles and bathing beauties and other objects of virtue—

> You cannot get something for nothing—
> And only a chump would try;
> Whatever you see that you really want,
> You may have, provided you buy it . . .
> You cannot prearrange a plan
> Made by man
> Since the world began.
> You cannot get something for nothing—
> Only a chump thinks he can.

George Raft and Sylvia Sidney play the leads in this edifying story, with Barton MacLane, Roscoe Karns, Warren Hymer and George E. Stone assisting.

The drink of the "Century"

DEWAR'S

"White Label"

THE *RIGHT* LABEL

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Jeanne Stourton—July Bride

Jeanne Stourton is marrying Lord and Lady Camoys' only son, the Hon. Sherman Stonor, at Brompton Oratory on July 14th. She had a much-publicised career as a debutante some six years ago, when publicity for debutantes was the fashion; has worked for a good deal of the time since then, as a saleswoman at Selfridges and as private secretary among other things; is a great friend of Mrs. Charles Sweeny, whom she is a little like; is the youngest daughter of the late Major Herbert Stourton and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, and a niece of Viscount Southwell; will be twenty-five this year, the same age as her fiancé, whose birthday was yesterday. She is having as bridesmaids her cousin, Lady Gillian Drummond, Lady Katherine Howard, her fiancé's sisters, Nadine and Noreen Stonor, Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, Elena German-Ribon, and Eileen Gillespie, who is coming from America for the wedding

Engagement of the Week—Lady Diana Percy and Viscount Brackley

Half a year after her sister married the Marquess of Clydesdale, eldest son of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, Lady Diana Percy has announced her engagement to Viscount Brackley, only son of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere. She is the younger of the Duke of Northumberland's two sisters, and is twenty-one this year, two years younger than her fiancé. She is marrying "over the Border" like her sister: the Ellesmeres have a place, Mertoun, at St. Boswell's, where they spend a big part of their out-of-London time. They also own Bridgewater House in London, and Stetchworth Park, near Newmarket. Both families hunt and race; Lord Ellesmere is a member of the Jockey Club and of the Racecourse Betting Control Board; and the Duke of Northumberland and his mother are joint Masters of the Percy. Lady Diana Percy and Lord Brackley were photographed at Albury Park, the Duchess of Northumberland's home near Guildford

Joe Bonaparte, the young boxer (Luther Adler), to Lorna (Lillian Emerson) : " People have hurt my feelings for years. I never forget. You can't get even with people by playing the fiddle "

Mr. Bonaparte (Morris Carnovsky) tells his boisterous son-in-law : " Hit your wife in private, not in public." Anna, his daughter, is played by Phœbe Brand

The Manager : " Is your boy afraid of his hands ? "

The Father : " I don't know. You tella me what 's what. His hand coulda get hurt ? "

Mr. Bonaparte (Morris Carnovsky), the impresario, Roxy Gottlieb (Robert Lewis), the manager, Tom Moody (Roman Bohnen), the trainer, Tokio (Art Smith)

The Manager : " What would you rather do tha stance, like to save their looks "

The Boxer : " My looks don't interest me "

The trainer, the impresario and the manage boxer (Luther Adler) won't put all he's got int

"Golden Boy": Clifford Odets' Play at the St. James's

Anna says of Siggie, her husband (Will Lee): "The first thing you know he said something to make me laugh. Seven years and I haven't stopped laughing"

How they live, these characters of Clifford Odets': with violence, crudeness, sentimentality, perhaps, but with an abundance of vitality that makes their momentary realness complete and absorbing. And their vivid slangy talk is infinitely expressive, no harder to understand than the dialogue of any American film. *Golden Boy* tells the story of a boy who gave up his violin playing, and with it all the point of view that makes old Mr. Bonaparte's family basically happy, to be a success in the tough, brightly-lit world of the boxing ring; of his father, bitterly disappointed by his son's choice; of the girl Joe falls in love with; of the struggling manager, her lover. Mr. Farjeon reviews the Odets play this week

fight? Some boys, for in-

try to find out why the young his punch

The Trainer, Tokio (Art Smith), to Joe: "I never worried less about a boy in my life. You're a real sweetheart. A fighter gets good. He gets easy and graceful. He learns how to save himself—no energy wasted—he slips and slides—he travels with the punch. Oh, sure, I like the way you're shaping up"

The Dancing Side of Physical Fitness

A Sixteenth-Century Platter Dance Has Village-Green Comedy and Freshness

These young women are all students, bending and stretching, stepping and leaping to become, as teachers of and advisers on physical education, the "physical fitness" leaders of to-morrow. They work at the Bergman Osterberg College at Dartford. They have gone there because they have a "vocational interest" in their work. But both training and profession can easily have a less austere appeal for a healthy, vital eighteen-year-old girl who cares intelligently for movement and rhythm and good hard exercise. Dancing is an important part of the three-year course at all physical training colleges. At Dartford students are given a general idea of the principles underlying various schools of thought in dancing. In practice they learn national, character and historical dances, and natural movement dancing. The latter is a system of the dance "designed to achieve beauty through the ordinary movements of everyday life," which has its origin and headquarters in the Madge Atkinson School in London

Natural Movement Dancing

Below: German Peasant Dance Impressions to Music by Ländler

A Gymnastic Exercise for Flexibility and Strength Reveals Some Symphonic-Ballet Derivatives

Recapitation: *Mary Stuart's head is put back*

Malcolm MacDonald, *Dominions Secretary, has two pins stuck in his nostrils so that when his head is wrapped up the bandage won't damage his features*

Henry VIII., *who often lost his heart to a woman, but never his head, stands pathetically headless among his six queens and a studio hand*

Shelved: *Laval, Lloyd George, Chamberlain, Charles Peace*

Fitting: *Bernard spectacles on Sir*

Reduction: *slimming is easy at Tussaud's*

Registry: *in the labelled moulds are well-known features*

New from the mould, *this wax head looks more like a Buddha than Budge*

Wax in Their Hands: Modelling the Mighty at Madame Tussaud's

In 1776 a Bernoise called Marie Grosholtz and her uncle, from whom she had learned wax modelling, opened an exhibition of their art in Paris. Marie even taught modelling to the King's sister and was clapped into jail for it when the monarchy fell. When she came out she married a Republican soldier called François Tussaud, but the union was not a success and she and her exhibition came to England in the year of the peace of Amiens. From 1802-35 Madame Tussaud's exhibition toured; from 1835-84 it was a great success at the Portman Rooms; then it moved to its present site, was burned down in 1925, re-opened in 1928

Photographs by Hutten

***Down** with Mussolini and Hitler*

***Down** to be dusted, in fact, with Stalin*

Tussaud tries his Kingsley Wood

Tussaud's Exhibition, as you may read at the top of the page, has been in this country for 136 years. It is so English that it figures in the concise Oxford Dictionary under Madame and is pronounced by many, contrary to the Oxford ruling, as "two-swords." Direct descendants of Marie Tussaud work in the exhibition to-day; Miss Beatrice (below, right) is a great-grandchild; her nephew, Mr. Bernard (left), is a great-great-grandchild

***But eyes and hair** and two tennis racquets put the smile in its proper setting*

***Beatrice Tussaud** was largely responsible for the change*

Animal Portraits : No. 4. A Dachshund

"Bystander" Short Story No. 146

What a Beauty!

By Robert Westerby

Illustration by Bernard Ninnes, R.B.A., R.O.I.

"No, I 'm not going out to lunch," Mr. Hodge said wearily. "I have—have some work to go over."

His voice was flat and tired; the smile he turned on to the man who had just spoken to him forced and tired too. Mr. Hodge was worried.

He watched the others file out, talking, joking. None of them seemed to have anything to worry about at all, the lucky dogs! The lucky, lucky dogs—they all seemed happy. They had nothing on their consciences, the way he had.

When there was no one left in the room, Mr. Hodge got up from his desk and walked over to the window. It was a long way down to the street; a long way down—and sheer. A man falling out from such a height would. . . . He turned away, covering his eyes with his hand. No use getting like that about it.

"This is the last chance," he said aloud, and then looked round quickly in alarm, wondering whether anyone had overheard him. There was nobody there—and except for an office-boy and the porter in the outer office, nobody in the next room either. "This is the last chance," Mr. Hodge repeated, in a quieter voice. He sat down again at his desk and opened one of the drawers. In the drawer was a folded copy of the racing edition of an evening paper. He bent over it, running his fingers down the columns of names, weighing up the way he felt about the tipsters' advice. The last chance. To-day he *had* to get out. It was the last chance. He sighed, and ran his fingers through his thin, sandy hair. He was scared now—scared sick. For a month he had been gambling with the money trusted to him. He was treasurer to the sports club, and there was one more day before he must produce his accounts.

He looked up unseeingly, thinking about all the years he had worked here in this place. He had always liked it, always been proud of it. They had chosen him to be the treasurer, too. It had seemed pretty good at the time, and for three years he had done the job properly and been as methodical and careful about the accounts as he had always been about his job. And now, after three years, and after having been in a position of authority and responsibility in the office for much longer, he had to get into this mess.

Mr. Hodge sighed. Explaining it would be worse than impossible. A young man could almost be excused—and could certainly be understood—losing his head and getting into a mess backing horses. But for a man of forty . . . no, it was ridiculous; it was inexcusable. There was absolutely nothing to be said in his defence. It had been backing the Derby winner that time which had started the whole thing. They had asked him jokingly if he was backing anything in the race—*every*body backed a fancy in the Derby—the whole office. And he, Mr. Hodge, had said without thinking, "Windsor Lad." And hadn't Windsor Lad won at a good price? And hadn't Mr. Hodge put on ten shillings to win—he who had never backed a horse with more than a shilling before in his life? It had seemed like second-sight then. And, without confiding in anybody, he had tried it again the next week. And again he had won—this time ten pounds. It had been exciting then—like having power. He had played and won, played again, and won again. For two years. And he ought to have stopped then; stopped before the tide turned. How easy and plain it all seemed now, looking back at it.

Mr. Hodge wrote down three names on a piece of paper. This must be the test. Each of these three seemed well fancied in their races. The best-priced one was the one he must follow.

He looked at the names, saying them over and over. They didn't sound right—didn't *feel* right. All the times he had won he had *felt* that the horse was right—and maybe going on instinct like that was the best way too. He pursed up his lips thoughtfully, and somehow, as he moved his head, his eye caught a name at the bottom of the page of runners. Gay Dog, the name was. Gay Dog. He was a two-year-old with no sort of a record. The betting forecast quoted him among the 10 to 1 others. Mr. Hodge stared. *Gay Dog . . . Gay Dog.*

Almost abruptly he got up, pushing the paper into his drawer and locking it. This was a feeling he had not had for months, this confidence, this faith in his instinct. It was wonderful. Raising the receiver of the telephone on his desk, he dialled a number. Faintly to his ear, the roar of the street traffic, the cry of a newsboy, the burr-burr, burr-burr of the ringing-tone, blended into a recurrent murmur of *Gay Dog . . . Gay Dog.* Mr. Hodge drummed his fingers impatiently on his leg until he heard an answering voice.

"Hullo?" he said quickly. "Hullo? Mr. Lewis? . . . Yes, this is Mr. Hodge—P. Hodge. Yes. Put me—er—ten pounds on Gay Dog in the four o'clock. Gay Dog. Yes. What? . . . yes, I know it 's a big bet for me . . . I *know* it. But . . . yes. Yes, I 'll call round and settle the account in the morning—*either* way—without fail. Yes. All right. Ten pounds Gay Dog—to win." He rang off.

Well, that had done it. If it lost—if this great hunch failed—then he was finished. Paying the club funds into his current account at the bank had allowed this retrieving business to go on a little longer. Gambling always to Get Something Back; gaining four pounds here, losing five there. Over and over again. And being at his desk; being the respectable City man, the able and reliable executive all the time; travelling up in the morning and down home at night with men who thought him a sound, sensible fellow. My God, how crazy! And how he had envied them sometimes! Not in the old days when he was winning a bit, buying things for his wife, having fun. *Then* he had looked down on them as dull fellows, inferior men who were content to remain in their rut. And now . . . it was desperate now, wasn't it? To-morrow the other men in his department would tell him not to miss the meeting. He would have to face them, stand up, and look at their faces as he said: "I am sorry, gentlemen, to report that there is a deficit of fifty pounds in my accounts for the year. I have been forced to appropriate this money for. . . ." No, impossible—impossible! He could never say that. It would be the finish. There would be nothing left afterwards. They would have him thrown out—and what was there for a man at forty, a man who had been thrown out for dishonesty? Nothing. Mr. Hodge wiped his face with his handkerchief. There was just this last crazy, ridiculous chance. Gay Dog. 10 to 1 others. Ten pounds at 10 to 1. That would get him out. That would set him right at last. And then he could stop all this foolishness. Then he could find peace of mind. He had been a fool,

(*Concluded on page viii*)

For real smoothness give me Craven 'A'!

Yes! Craven 'A' have the real touch of quality! I think it is wonderful, no matter where you buy Craven 'A', they are always perfectly fresh—you can rely on the fact that they never vary in quality. And my throat is grateful for their added smoothness. Yes, Craven 'A' cork-tipped have made a world of difference to my smoking pleasure.

PACKETS *in the 'easy-access' inner-foil pack and sealed fresh in moisture-proof Cellophane* **10** *for* **6ᵖ** • **20** *for* **1/-**
POCKET OR HANDBAG SIZES **25** *for* **1/3** • **40** *for* **2/-**

DESK OR WEEK-END TINS **50** *for* **2/6** • **100** *for* **5/-**
'TRU-VAC' TINS *The world-famous air-tight pack. To open, pull rubber tab — no cutter, no jagged edges.* **50** *for* **2/6**

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

CARRERAS LTD. 150 years Reputation for Quality

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"My old Dad was the youngest of ninety-four"

SPECIALISTS have calculated that the 395 or so questions asked in the Commons in the last six months by Mr. Geoffrey Mander (Lib., East Wolverhampton) have cost the taxpayer just over £400. So that what the Prime Minister has irritably called Mr. Mander's "restless and mischievous curiosity" is of more than academic interest to the Booboisie. Apart from a few graven images on the back benches, dumb even when awake, poor devils, the average M.P. deems himself bound to ask some sort of question now and again to let his constituency know he 's on the job and keen as mustard. Otherwise a deputation may come trailing up, and, although the boys in the Commons smoking-rooms laugh a great deal over deputations and boast about kicking them in the pants, like a lot of lobsters at low tide, talking in contemptuous tones of the Shark, the sight of those queer outlandish hats and collars and boots trooping in sobers them considerably. An occasional question on never-mind-what amid the dreary babble saves this bother. In our view, nevertheless, the Question King is slightly overdoing it with £400-worth of questions in six months. The big Front Bench boys are getting restive, and before long Mr. Mander may get some very dusty answers from them, such as "Pipe down," or "Put a sock in it!" The Elder Pitt, who disliked very much being asked questions —as who doesn't ?—used to roar, "Aw, go climb a tree!" Disraeli would punch or nip questioners, and Gladstone would put his head down and charge them across the floor, bellowing like an Asturian bull, tossing them on the points of his big collars, and creating endless havoc. Or so we were told by an old observer of the Parliamentary scene, himself a whiskery bore of the first magnitude and probably a liar to boot.

In defence of Mr. Mander, people point out that he is a Liberal born and bred, and very sincere, who really thinks asking all those questions in the House and getting answers of one sort or another matters. We wouldn't mind betting he believes in Father Christmas and A.R.P. as well, the rascal.

"But, Chief, she won't let me go"

Sky Devilry

LOUNGING in his Hammersmith garden, or park, in all the insolence of wealth and power, Gaffer A. P. Herbert, M.P., has been annoyed recently by aeroplanes roaring over his head and advertising shaving-cream; to which his reaction, like any other thinking person's, is that sooner than buy a single tube of stuff thus advertised he 'd grow a beard. With this reaction we once scandalised a well-known advertising baron who had been holding forth very impressively on sales-psychology. He was very angry with us for suggesting it, so we 're glad to find the Gaffer is with us. Some once-quiet South Coast beaches are ruined nowadays by this noisy, vulgar racket. Practically all day aeroplanes roar to and fro defiling the sky with streamers boosting some nostrum or other. We 'd like to see the sales-charts of the people who employ them, and to find out whether this nuisance has any commercial value whatsoever, for judging by the glazed eyes of the holidaying citizenry, stretched in drowsèd apathy on the shingle and obviously not caring whether these aeroplanes burst into a thousand pieces or turn into a bowl of Japanese lilies, we doubt it.

Which brings us to Query No. 18 B in our periodical gambols with the publicity boys, namely, the suggestion that about 75 per cent. of the vast annual sums spent in stunt advertising might as well be chucked down the drain, perhaps ? This never fails to stir the boys, even kindly Mr. Buchanan-Taylor's benevolent old eyes becoming bloodshot with bewilderment and pain. Fortunately they can always totter into the Aldwych Club and refresh themselves with schemes for utilising Buckingham Palace façade for the next big Buppo contract.

Jape

PLEASANTLY donnish and redolent of the Academic Grove was the Public Orator's comparison of Lord Nuffield to Jupiter ("He has come down upon us in a shower of gold") in his Creweian Oration at Oxford recently. Danaë, when Jupiter took advantage of her, in his curiously modern way, disguised as a shower of gold, was a sweet young thing, and though Mother Oxford is somewhat of a weather-beaten old crone, whose favours many people have enjoyed during the past 700 years, the mental picture of the old lady nestling in Lord Nuffield's fond embrace is alluringly Hogarthian, not to say Rowlandsonesque. The allusion shows also that the Public Orator keeps up his reading. His office is no sinecure, what with having constantly to look up books of reference for information about the occasionally curious chaps who get honorary degrees, and what with having to keep one's Latin prose continually up to scratch. One false quantity, one dubious form ("Aha, '*elucescebat*,' quoth our friend ?"), and the Orator is out in the alley, the Vice-Chancellor himself pronouncing the dread formula "*Extra!*" ("You 're out!") and ceremonially casting a bit of orange-peel on the shrinking form. There is little hope of employment for a disgraced Public Orator, except in the B.B.C. (fat-stock

prices department) or, as he sinks inevitably lower and lower, journalism. This doom keeps them constantly alert.

Shock

A DRAMATIC critic has been awarded 5000 francs damages against the proprietor and administration of *Comœdia*, that Parisian daily paper which, fantastic as it sounds to a common-sense ear, is devoted entirely to the Arts. He said his personal correspondence was opened and read. The defendants said this was a general journalistic rule, since letters addressed to their staff often contained news of interest to the paper, and as one who has lived among and loved the Fleet Street boys for years, we can say with confidence, "We bet they do, at that!"

Letters to dramatic critics in big sprawly writing on tinted paper beginning "Boopsy-Woopsy-Winkie-Dinkie" are of great news-interest to their editor and colleagues. Also letters beginning "Listen, you, come clean." Passionate letters from exquisite little actresses who worship the ground they tread on are constantly received to their surprise by leading critics, e.g., James ("Boss") Agate, who gives them to his dog. More Platonic in tinge—Platonic in the actual literary sense—are those Mr. Charles Morgan gets, most likely. If any correspondence received by critics contains passages of general interest the editor may deal with it at the afternoon news-conference, gloating like a satyr and uttering little choking bird-like cries. But now this Parisian critic has won his case, Fleet Street may have to fall back on its favourite Gibbon for tea-time reading.

Racket

ONLY two Alexandra Rose Day collectors in the Metropolitan area, apparently, were gathered in by the police this year for making a bit on the side. The golden age of the London collector was, of course, between 1914 and 1918, when every day was a flag-day, as it is now, and nobody troubled much about checking. To-day, the police and the charity authorities alike are stricter, and as a profession the racket can hardly, as the French say, nourish its man. But seeing what opportunities our cockeyed custom of forcing hospitals and other charities eternally to cadge from and badger the populace for alms affords the crook, it's a bit surprising that the leakage even to-day is so small.

The suburbs, it seems, are still good for occasional "working" by a careful female practitioner, dressed in the pew-opener style and pious of expression, calling from door to door with a money-tin labelled with the name of some actual or fictitious charity. One of these experts, questioned some time ago by the police as to what her charity was, replied with admirable point "Me." There's more legitimate money in the Mayfair charity racket, of course (receipts of Happy Dustmen Ball £5000, expenses £4986 18s. 9d., total handed to Superintendent of Homes for Happy Dustmen £13 1s. 3d.), and we've noticed recently that some skinflints are trying to cut down on the supper. In the sacred name of Charity, this must stop.

Tra-la-la

IT's about time somebody started the Anti-Book Club, we think. The busy booksy boys (and girls) are getting ridiculously above themselves. Hardly a week passes but some little group or clot of litteratoors is issuing some manifesto, generally Left in tone, getting up on its hind legs in public to prate about Freedom, or Liberty, or Justice, and behaving generally as the nation's guides and mentors. Some years ago a French critic, Julien Benda, wrote a book saying the boys and girls ought to stay put in the ivory tower of their Art, and not come poking their long quivering noses into worldly affairs, and we think Mr. Benda was right. We got a Buchmanite manifesto by post last week, with a covering letter saying it (the manifesto) had greatly impressed the half-dozen booksy boys whose names were appended. Not more than two of them meant a thing to us or, we imagine, anybody, and we're mildly surprised to find so skilful a publicity expert as Dr. Buchman thinking them a good selling-line. Even if their photographs had been attached, each sucking away at a whacking big manly briar, it wouldn't have impressed us. Nor can we ever understand why the fact that Miss Whicker's *Lust* was last month's Book of the Year makes that dishevelled sweetheart an acknowledged authority on all things human and divine.

We're not hurt about this; we think it's comic. Very soon the P.E.N. Club's international congress will meet at Prague and the oratory will flow like Niagara once more. Literature will know no frontiers (alas!) and the boys and girls, chatterboxes that they are, will settle every current problem. Back to the Ivory Tower for those babies, is our cry. A few stout padlocks would help as well, and personally we'd chuck the keys away into the deepest part of the Pacific.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"This is Mr. MacDougall. Mr. MacDougall is our representative in Mexico"

This is *the perfect* Gin & Lime

JUICE OF FRESH LIMES AND GIN ONLY

10/6 per Shaker Bottle *(U.K. only)*
Also obtainable in ½-Bottles and Miniatures

Gordon's
Genuine Gin Cocktail

Other recipes:
Piccadilly, Martini, Dry Martini, Manhattan, Bronx, Perfect, Fifty - Fifty

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

Summer Sport: By Howard Marshall

Another draw was the result of the second Test at Lord's: here is some close fielding round Hassett playing to Verity. The third Test starts at Manchester on Friday

TEST matches give us no breathing space at all this year. No sooner have we done with the excitements of Lord's than Manchester is upon us—and I only hope that we have some decision in the game which begins at Old Trafford next Friday.

This, I fancy, is an extravagant hope, unless the weather intervenes, for on modern wickets a draw appears to be the almost inevitable result in four days between two evenly balanced sides.

That Australia and England are evenly balanced this year is sufficiently obvious after the first two matches. Despite the remarkable Bradman, I should say that if anything the balance is rather in England's favour, though there we touch controversy.

BY the time you read this, the England team for Manchester will have been announced, discussed and thoroughly dealt with by critics of every sort and condition. I take it that the Selectors will have made no more than three changes at the outside—Bowes, possibly, for Wellard; Hardstaff for Edrich, and, conceivable, another spin bowler for Wright.

They may even have decided to persevere with Edrich, though so far he has been right out of luck, and that predilection of his for the hook has landed him in sore trouble. It is difficult to maintain that Edrich should keep his place when Hardstaff is available. But I must say that I, for one, should not argue if the Selectors decided to give Edrich another chance. We know what a good player he is and he is bound to get runs sooner or later.

In the meanwhile, it would be a tragedy if his progress were checked by his misfortunes in the first two Test matches.

I should like to see all the youngsters persevered with throughout the five Test matches, for I doubt very much whether chopping and changing is going to improve this England side.

Compton, at any rate, has made his place secure. His 76 not out in England's second innings, made at a period of very real crisis, was a great performance. Like all players who have established themselves for many years in Test cricket, Compton has so ordered his range of strokes that the margin of error is cut down to a minimum.

Last year he was apt to be flamboyant, and while he often successfully took chances against the best bowling, which made his batting delightful to watch, we were always conscious of the element of risk. It is something of an achievement for so young a player to discipline himself, as Compton has done, and Edrich will have to follow suit.

HAMMOND'S remarkable innings at Lord's was another most encouraging sign of England's revival. Technically, it was a very great innings indeed, and throughout the anxious first day not a single ball beat the bat.

The interesting thing was why Hammond, who has never before truly found his form against Australia in this country, should find it so emphatically just at the time when he is burdened by the added responsibilities of captaincy. If only he can reproduce this magnificence in the remaining three matches, England's chances of regaining the Ashes are tolerably good, particularly if he can also continue to win the toss.

BEFORE the first shot is fired this week at Old Trafford, however, we shall be following with anxious interest the progress

The Greyhound Derby Winner

Mr. J. Walsh's Lone Keel won the Greyhound Derby at the White City by a length from Melksham Numeral, and Mr. Walsh took the cup from Lord Denham. His more fancied entry, Manhattan Midnight, crashed and did not finish

They Completed the Cambridge Cricket XI

of the Open Championship at Sandwich.

The agonies of the Championship proper begin to-day, after the qualifying rounds, and I hope no lions have fallen by the way.

On form I take it that Henry Cotton must be favourite. All the experts regard him on every count as the greatest of contemporary golfers—a view which will probably not be much affected if he fails to repeat last year's triumph.

His strongest opposition will probably come from British players, since the challenge from overseas is considerably less formidable than in former years.

The Americans are sending over a very weak contingent, and we all regret that Gene Sarazen has dropped out at the last moment. The only American of note is Lawson Little ; and the two most dangerous entrants from overseas are probably the South Africans, A. D. Locke and S. F. Brews.

Locke, now a professional, is particularly good with card and pencil, and it would be by no means surprising to see him capture the title.

There is Dallemagne, of France, of course, another very fine player. But the odds are that the new champion will be a home product.

I SEE, incidentally, that an offer has been made for a fight between Joe Louis and Tommy Farr in London during the autumn. Such a contest would naturally arouse tremendous interest over here, though I imagine it is highly unlikely that Louis will fight outside America.

A match between Farr and Schmeling would be attractive and more possible, with the winner to have another cut at Louis or Max Baer. But, for the present, it seems as if we shall be deprived of any chance of seeing the top-class heavy-weights in action.

Left: the last Blues to be awarded by the Cambridge captain this year were to Gethyn Hewan (Marlborough and Clare) and W. Rees Davies (Eton and Trinity), both in their last year. Hewan captained last season's hockey team

The Bath Club Ladies' Champion

Left: Miss Venetia Fripp won the ladies' swimming championship at the Bath Club, and received the cup from Lord Desborough

Right: Mr. H. Frank's five-year-old bay gelding by My Stars — Rockaway, ridden by Captain J. H. Marshall, won the cup offered by the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" for the best hunter in the International Horse Show. He also headed his weight class and was Champion Novice Hunter.

The Winner of the "Sporting and Dramatic" Cup

Hurdlers in the A.A.A. Southern Championships

Above are D. O. Finlay and T. L. Lockton taking the first flight in a hurdles heat at the A.A.A. Southern Championship meeting. Finlay lost to his old rival Thornton in the final. Right is the Harvard crew for the Thames Cup at Henley (see page 5): Bailey (stroke), Turner, Peirce, Fay, Meyer, Cutler; Stillman, Gilkey and Plant (two, bow and cox) are out of sight

The Harvard University Crew for the Thames Cup

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Prospects of the Open Championship

THE Open Championship is being played this year on the course of the Royal St. George's Golf Club at Sandwich. A short time ago the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews made an announcement that the number of entries received for the Open Championship this year was smaller than usual, and reminded intending competitors of the date on which entries closed.

When Henry Cotton won his first Open Championship at Royal St. George's in 1934 there were 312 entries, which is the largest number ever received for this Championship. This year, allowing for scratchings, there will be about 250 golfers competing, probably more than last year, when 258 golfers entered.

There are, as usual, many entries from overseas, but I do not think that it is at all likely that the Cup will leave our shores.

PERCY ALLISS forgot to enter. If he had played he most assuredly must have had a chance of success. He is the holder of the *News of the World* Tournament, which is considered by many the Professionals' Match-Play Championship, and also won a few weeks ago the Penfold Tournament, in which twelve leading professional golfers played all against all and scored by points on the method employed by the Football Leagues. Ever since 1930 Alliss has always finished near the top of the list at the end of the Open Championship, and is such a good and sound golfer that he must always have a chance of winning it. Alliss has lately improved his putting very considerably, and it has been in the past this department of the game which has let him down. In 1933, like this year, Alliss forgot to enter, but a kind friend looking through the list of entries on the night before they closed failed to find his name and telegraphed him that he had not entered. Alliss entered by telegram on the last day and, of course, by all the rules should then have won the Championship, but, strange to relate, he did not even qualify for the first day's play, so his friend had not, after all, done him a good turn.

Sam Snead, of last year's American Ryder Cup team, who makes the ball run for miles, wished to play, but sent in his entry too late.

WHEN Cotton won at Sandwich in 1934 Gene Sarazen and Densmore Shute, who had won at St. Andrews the previous year, were playing. Sarazen on this occasion had to play part of one round in a very severe rainstorm, which Cotton missed, and finished well down the final list. On that occasion, with the exception of these two and Macdonald Smith, the challenge from the United States was not dangerous. It does not appear to be likely to give us any great anxiety this year.

Gene Sarazen had entered again this year, but I could not see him winning another Open Championship in this country on a course like Royal St. George's, where the ball does not, nowadays, run very far. Lawson Little, who has been first amateur in the Open Championship, will be playing in it for the first time as a professional. I do not fancy players who have made a name for themselves in amateur golf before turning professional to win the Open Championship. The only one who has done so up to the present time is T. D. Armour, who won at Carnoustie in 1931. Abe Mitchell, who had a great golfing career as an amateur, has not yet won the Open Championship. Other ex-amateurs of distinction are A. D. Locke, who, like Lawson Little, has before now led the amateurs, and will, also like Lawson Little, be playing in the Open Championship as a professional for the first time, and Jack McLean. I doubt very much if any of these will emulate Armour's feat.

IT was at Sandwich that I first saw Marcel Dallemagne, of St. Germains, play. I had not put myself out to watch him. Indeed, I had no idea who he was or whether he was a good player or not. I was forced to watch him because he was playing with Walter Hagen, but I had not seen him play many shots before I was convinced that we would hear a great deal about him in the future. In the Open Championship of 1936 he tied with Cotton in the third place, and later beat Cotton when they tied for the French Open Championship; he will certainly have a chance this year, especially as he knows Royal St. George's well, a course which suits his type of play admirably.

Henry Cotton has not played very much competitive golf this season, but he has been quietly getting himself into training, and I do not think that up till now we have seen him absolutely full out. He does not, I am sure, mind if he does not win the routine professional tournaments, but he most certainly will be very disappointed if he does not win the Open Championship once more at Sandwich. That he has done, and is doing, everything he considers advisable to give himself the maximum chance of victory, nobody who knows him will doubt for one second. He will be fresh and he will be playing on a course on which he has won before, an advantage it is difficult to exaggerate too highly.

Ireland's Champion

James Bruen of Muskerry was holder and favourite at Rathfarnham, when the Irish Amateur Championship opened, and he justified his titles. He beat Redmond Simcox (right) in the final, received the cup from Mrs. G. Crosbie, wife of the I.G.U.'s president. She, her husband and Mr. Alan B. Kidd, hon. secretary of the I.G.U., are behind

Capt. Craigie, Capt. Baird, Mr. Martin Smith

White's Club golf tournament drew the usual socialite players and watchers to Prince's, Sandwich. Captain Baird, D.S.O., is the secretary of Prince's; Eric Martin Smith reached the tournament's fourth round

Mrs. Brand, Mrs. Kellett, Mr. Brand

The Hon. Thomas Brand is, with Mrs. E. D. Kellett and his wife, sitting on a bench presented by the Old Boys' Golfing Society of his school—Eton. The tournament at Prince's was won by Lieut.-Col. Moore-Brabazon

RARE OLD SILVER

Simply by examining the Hall-Marks a collector would see at once that this solid silver tankard was made by John Downes in London in the year 1701-2. The tankard is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

HALL-MARKS OF QUALITY

It is clearly in the interests of all who buy, that products of high repute should be made recognisable by a distinguishing mark. For this reason Bass, the Vintage Ale of England, is recognised by the first trade mark ever registered in this country — the Bass Triangle. Let all for whom none but the best is good enough see that their ale is certified by this significant symbol of quality.

Issued by Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton Ltd., Burton-on-Trent, England

Miss Helen Jacobs, Runner-Up

Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, Champion

Miss Alice Marble, Semi-Finalist

Wimbledon's Women

The Last Four

Mrs. D. L. Little was not defending her ladies' singles title at Wimbledon and the last British hope disappeared on Tuesday of last week when Miss Kathleen Stammers fell to Mrs. Helen Wills Moody. The French and the Polish challenges were answered on the same day. The semi-finals on Thursday eliminated the last European in Fru S. Sperling, as well as America's No. 1 player in Miss Alice Marble. Barely a newspaper in Britain resisted the "Two Helens" headline motif and it became certain that the ladies' championship, like the men's, would go to California. It was Mrs. Moody's ninth final on Saturday and Miss Jacobs' fifth

Fru S. Sperling, Semi-Finalist

Wanted on the Voyage....

The spaciousness of a Wolseley. Wolseley cars are well known for the clever way with which body space has been designed to combine the maximum of accommodation with a neat and trim exterior. The Wolseley "Super Six", for instance, is not merely roomy — the wide, open spaces are just where they are needed and give full freedom to head, legs, and elbows. You're apt to forget you are in a motor car.

The comfort and quiet of a Wolseley. Anatomically correct seating, complete freedom from noise, vibration, and strain-free visibility make a Wolseley by far the most pleasant car to drive for long distances.

The power and speed of a Wolseley. In the Wolseley "Super Six" you have a power unit of established reliability, delivering 100 b.h.p. without effort, and consistently high speeds made "faster" in terms of time by the manner in which "phased suspension" flattens out the corners.

You want all these on a voyage. You get them all in a WOLSELEY.

Buy wisely—buy WOLSELEY

The Wolseley "Super Sixes" are priced from £380. Other models from £245.

Wolseley Motors Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham, 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley Street, W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E., Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, Eng.
Wolseley Cars are fitted with Dunlop Tyres, Jackall Hydraulic Jacks and Triplex Glass. BETTER BUILT—A BRITISH CAR.

Why Medal Play?

By Eleanor E. Helme

DOES anybody know the precise time, place and inventor of medal play? I suppose that the Royal and Ancient, or the Honourable Company, or the minutes of Royal Musselburgh might disclose these details, but here am I on my way to the West Coast of Scotland, with the hills of the beloved country to be seen if an eye should rove: can you expect that I should delve deeply into the past when I might enjoy the present?

No doubt in the earliest days of golf, Mr. A played Mr. B, and there was an end of it. Then, we presume, that one of them, having won, was challenged by Mr. C, who had been emboldened by beating Mr. D. The trouble started, at least this is how I picture it, when Mr. D began reckoning up his score, probably over a good brew of something strong, and deciding that, if only he had been playing Mr. B instead of Mr. C, he would have won. Or else, all these four gentlemen, with another four, wished to try conclusions on the same day, other pressing engagements, such as a '15 or a '45, or maybe a duel, or even a day's hunting, putting a series of matches out of the question. At all events, the best golfer of many had to be found in one day's play, and somebody thought of medal, and then and there the fat was in the fire, and has gone on frying ever since. I suppose some good cousin across the Atlantic would probably have invented it sooner or later, even if no good Scot had done so, but he might have been disregarded, out of sheer perversity; whereas we have all been brought up in fear and respect of the nation across the Border. Nobody has more of either, strongly tinged with affection, than I myself, but I can't help feeling that medal play is not to be included in the benefits they have conferred on Britain and the world. Think (if you wish to think of anything so grim on a beautiful July day, with the hills aforesaid, a Surrey garden, or the Cornish coast inviting you to think of them instead) of those pages of type, with 1's and 2's, and brackets and asterisks which concern medal rounds in the L.G.U. *Year Book*, and even in the Rules of Golf; and consider that none of them would have been needed, but for the colossal pride, vanity, over-engagements or what-nots of Mr. A, B, C or D, who years and years ago wished to show all the rest of the alphabet at one fell swoop that he was a better golfer than they.

I AM sure that medal play is often a source of ill-founded pride. Figures, of course, do talk, and there is no denying eighteen of them which add up to something in the early seventies. But all too often the player is soothed and flattered by a scorer of her own choosing, or at least by one who is forced into sympathy by sheer sharing of adversity. Knowing herself incapable of winning, the scorer wants to enjoy vicarious success by bringing in the winner—a process which subtly flatters her own sense of being a delightful companion even during the long-drawn agony of a medal round.

It is a very different matter when the same player, robbed of a partner who will administer soothing dope, finds herself against somebody who inwardly delights in seeing her confounded, and battles tooth and nail without quarter. Then is the moment when real personal grit counts, and if the printer likes to give that word one vowel instead of the "r" and "i," and to stick an "s" on the end, he is welcome.

OF course, I know full well the value of medal rounds as training. The young golfer who thinks she is no end of a player because she can beat everybody in the club, but gets a shattering wake-up on going to her first championship, would do very well to take out a card and pencil every day for a month, and see at the end how much she has improved. The value would be that she knew how bad she was. I do not believe that all those who say so really play any worse with card and pencil then they do without. The difference is that they are shown how they do play beyond all argument. If you drive well, put a few seconds right home, and do not putt entirely wildly, it is so easy to leave off with an impression that you have played quite well; only the horrible card and pencil make you realise how many chips were needed to retrieve those other seconds which did not find the green, or how many putts were taken because those chips were only to the edge thereof, instead of the heart. To know is to cure, or should be. That is the value of medal play.

And there is one other use in it, and Lady Heathcoat Amory, Miss Enid Wilson and plenty of other beyond-dispute top-flighters will say the same. When there is a championship match to be played against a stiff opponent, disregard her and her shots, and play your own medal round against your own personal par. It is the American method, and the right one.

So perhaps, after all, we mustn't be too hard on Mr. D. He had his uses, as much as some other tiresome people.

The "Bystander" Girls' Championship
and
Ranelagh and Roehampton Foursomes
Entry Forms will appear in the issue of July 20th

***Lords v. Commons,** at Addington, resulted in the Commons winning, for the first time. Above are the opposing captains, Lady Cholmondeley and Mrs. Alan Dower; each was partnered by her husband, and the Dowers beat the Cholmondeleys. Below are Lord Gainford and his daughter, Miss Miriam Pease, who partnered him. Lord Gainford plays a good game at seventy-eight, as well as hunting all winter*

***South Africans v. Scotswomen** was the match at Gullane when the touring team played the women's team of the Lothians. The group shows: (standing) Miss C. M. Park, Mrs. Ian Bowhill, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Eckford Wallace, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Wilkinson (S.A.), Mrs. Douglas (S.A.), Miss Nicoll; (sitting) Miss Wain Winter (S.A.), Mrs. Witherow (S.A.), Miss Doris Park, Miss D. Chambers (S.A.) and Mrs. J. N. Duncan*

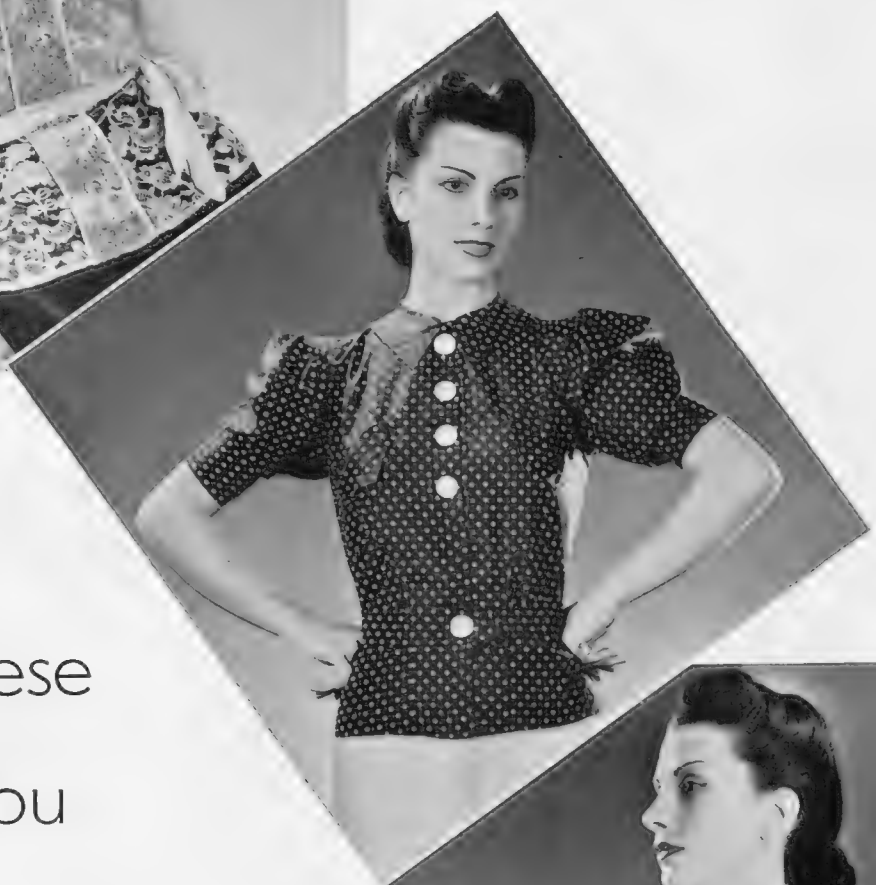
Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

This lovely dress, which glitters like a starlit night, would be perfect for a Continental holiday where some gay evenings are spent at the Casino, either dancing or playing at the tables. It is cut like a sheath and is covered from head to foot in featherweight sequins, a new discovery. These weigh next to nothing and have an iridescent sheen; their colour in this case is a beautiful shade of currant red. The dress is very décolleté and has an attractive bolero which can be discarded for dancing. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, who are showing some enchanting new models. As a reaction from last season's picture frocks, the tendency just now is to have slim, close-fitting dresses which accentuate the natural curves of the figure and occasionally spread into fulness round the feet. This trend is illustrated in a slender frock in black chiffon with godets of lace frills springing from below the knees. Another model in royal blue crêpe is richly embroidered in bugle beads, and cut with a perfectly straight skirt which flares from the back only

The summer sales offer golden opportunities for replenishing a depleted wardrobe, and every clever woman makes a point of bargain-hunting. If she is wise, however, she will study the catalogues first and make a list of what she wants. For holiday clothes she should go to Walpole's, New Bond Street, where everything has been greatly reduced. An attractive washing frock in checked or striped gingham only costs twenty-five and ninepence instead of thirty-nine and sixpence. It is cut with a square neck, short puff sleeves, and a straight skirt with a pleat in front. Another dress, of the same type but for an older woman, is reduced to twenty-nine and sixpence. This is in zephyr with a check design. It buttons down the front and has turn-back collar and cuffs faced with white. Macclesfield silk, which, as we all know, washes and wears almost for ever, is made up into charming frocks for forty-nine and sixpence. These are cut on youthful tailored lines and are available in a becoming shade of daytime blue as well as checked in various colours. Printed crêpe dresses for more formal occasions are reduced to forty-two and forty-nine and sixpence. They are ideal for a holiday as they pack easily and are smart without being elaborate



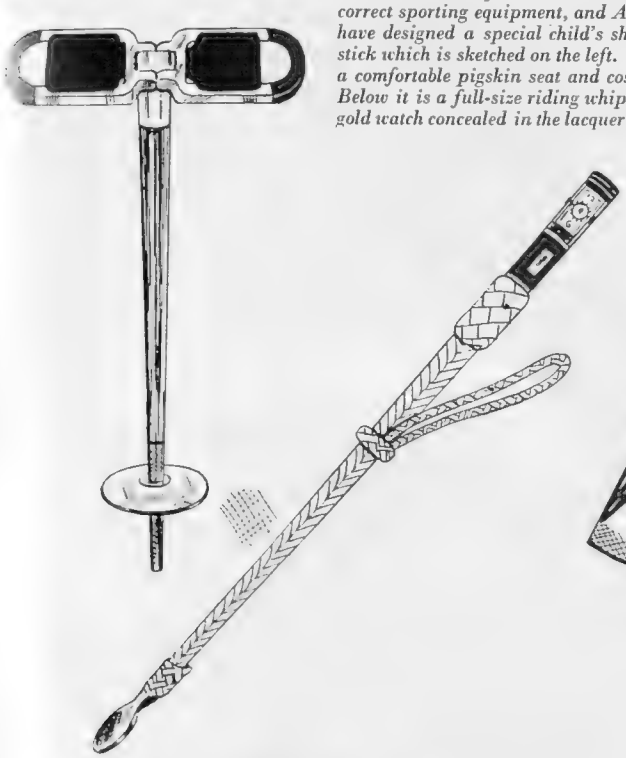
Take These With You

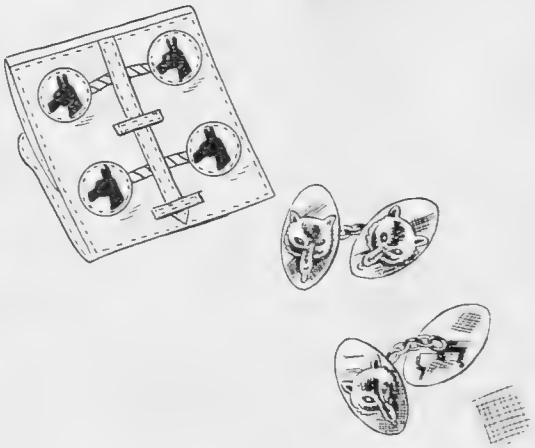
A couple of suits, one linen and one flannel, are invaluable on a holiday, as one can always ring the changes with accessories. Walpole's are showing some delightful blouses including the three on this page. The model on the left above is in fine Nottingham lace, and costs twenty-nine and sixpence. It can be worn over the skirt as photographed, or tucked in at the waist, and would look charming in the evening with a long black skirt. There are various colours to choose from, including turquoise blue and mushroom pink. A spotted shirt in tussore silk is seen in the centre of the page. It also costs twenty-nine and sixpence, and is available in blue, cedar and pink with either white or a contrasting colour. The Eton collar and white buttons give it a tailored appearance which is very becoming. Fine pin-tucks add distinction to the blouse on the right in ice pink crêpe. It is one of many model blouses and can be copied in any colour for seventy-five and ninepence. During their sale, Walpole's are reducing tailored shirts in Macclesfield silk to twenty-five and ninepence, and others in various fancy voiles to a guinea. They are also showing blouses for early autumn in soft Angora. These are delightful for wearing with tweeds and only cost thirty-nine and sixpence

Scott Bushe

Watch your friends' surprise when you hand them this box and they hear a mysterious voice from inside offering them a cigarette. This amusing toy is available in black or coloured wood and costs a guinea at Asprey's, in Bond Street

Children nowadays insist on having the correct sporting equipment, and Asprey's have designed a special child's shooting-stick which is sketched on the left. It has a comfortable pigskin seat and costs 25s. Below it is a full-size riding whip with a gold watch concealed in the lacquer handle





Give your husband some sporting cuff links from Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly. The pair above on the left, cost 5s. 6d. in pigskin stamped with animal heads, while the enamel set below, painted with foxes' masks, is only 30s.

All sorts of attractive reading lamps are being shown at Walpole's. Here is an idea for the nursery. It costs 22s. 6d. and would go straight to the heart of any child, as there is something so very appealing about the baby giraffe's expression. The shade, tinted a delicate sand colour, is painted with palm trees and cactus plants

Read yourself to sleep by the light of this bedside lamp from Walpole's, New Bond Street. It only costs 10s. 9d. and would cheer up any room as the bowl is in brightly coloured pottery with pictures of galleons sailing the high seas. This design is repeated on the parchment shade

An ice bucket is one way of solving the ever-pressing problem of what to give for a wedding present. The one on the right, hand-painted with foxhounds, is made of light oak reinforced with copper bands. It may also be used for preserving hot or cool drinks, and costs £2 17s. 6d. at Swaine and Adeney

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Awful Tourist

By V. S. Pritchett

THE last good book on a South American country was Nesbitt's account of the surveying job which he did for one of the Venezuelan oil companies. Nesbitt was a mineralogist. He was deeply interested in the influence of work and (ultimately) economics on a country's ways of living, and while this alone would not have made him original or readable if he had not had that mysterious thing called character and the capacity to write, his books had something of the humane, classical stamp. They continued the tradition of phenomenal botanists like Bates and of eccentrics like Waterton into the field of work; and the story of work in exotic places is the natural successor to the diligent exploring of the man with the smelling-bottle and the specimen-case. Beside it most other kinds of travel, nowadays, are really not much more than seeing—seeing what has been seen many times before, and its literature degenerates into tourist journalism. To this class belongs Mr. James Ramsay Ullman's *The Other Side of the Mountain* (Gollancz; 12*s.* 6*d.*). He shipped to Lima from New York; from Lima he took that astonishing mountain-railway, built by Meiggs, which crosses the Andes at a height of 15,665 feet, into the tropical forest of Eastern Peru, and then by the famous Pichis trail, by mule, canoe and launch, he got down to Iquitos, and so on to Manaos and Parà to the Atlantic. There is no serious difficulty about such a journey. The Peruvian mails go by the Pichis trail; the sweltering little wood-burning launches sweat up and down the infected tropical drain of the Amazon and its tributaries regularly. Ocean liners, full of tourists, come up to Manaos. But it is tourism at its most adventurous; you may get malaria—though that is on the decline—hookworm or a dozen other diseases.

Both Mr. Peter Fleming and Mr. Evelyn Waugh have anticipated Mr. Ullman's manner with greater brilliance though less good nature. He interested me most when he wrote about Peruvian politics—South America is on the verge of important social changes; at least, in the towns—when he was unearthing statistics about disease, colonisation, the failure of small-scale exploitation, and so on. I did not want a Blue Book or a Chamber of Commerce guide, but anything which gets down to the work of a country, approaches a seriousness of mind indispensable to books of travel. Mr. Ullman managed this skilfully. For the rest he gets a good deal of comedy out of the usual subjects: mountain sickness, the difficult mule, his insect bites, sleeplessness and attacks of hypochondria, the riverside inn, the uneatable meal, the snoring companion. And if you know more about Mr. Ullman than you have learnt about the Amazon at the end, he is amusing to know.

ONE of his encounters was with an innkeeper on the Pichis trail (where the inns are mere verminous huts) who greeted his guests with the remark that he had that very moment finished eating all the available food. I suggest this to Mr. Fothergill as a new line to take with a customer he does not like. For in his further *Confessions of an Innkeeper* (Chatto and Windus; 8*s.* 6*d.*) it is clear that Mr. Fothergill still dislikes the human race when it wants a meal and a bed. Perhaps innkeeping is the surest way to misanthropy. I have heard men less cantankerous than Mr. Fothergill despair of teaching the English visitor manners and a taste for good food. It is evident from the frequent introspective passages that his irritations spring as much from a difficult mixture of pride and fear in his temperament, and that these are the foibles of an artist in a genre which is little appreciated in England except by a few. Our average English taste is well represented by the Ascot trainer who said he liked a steak sprinkled with chops. Still, I 've known no good French innkeeper become indignant because I wanted to know what he could give me to eat or because I wished to see my room—two requests which upset Mr. Fothergill very much. At Market Harborough he sounds happier.

For Prague

Mr. H. G. Wells was attending the world congress of the P.E.N. Club at Prague under Jules Romains' presidency. Before he left by air, it was announced that he would visit President Benesch while in Czechoslovakia

IN the years of its decline, which dates from the middle of the last century, when the Colonial Office took the island over from the East India Company and when the Suez Canal was opened, St. Helena has been helped by the monthly delivery of tourists. They rush to Napoleon's house and rush back again; and the economy of the island becomes more and more dependent upon them. Also upon the enthusiasm of stamp-collectors. When the position of the budget is bad, a timely new issue, some ingeniously exploited centenary, comes to the rescue. Mr. Phillip Gosse, in *St. Helena*, 1502-1938 (Cassell; 8*s.* 6*d.*), has written a pleasant anecdotal history of the island and an account of its life. Its prosperity in the past was brought by prisoners; the Boer prisoners of 1900 were the last, and the first inhabitant was a Portuguese Crusoe called Lopez, who lived alone in a cave and who, when he was taken away, beseeched the Pope to arrange for him to be sent back. Mr. Gosse has kept Napoleon well in his place in the book, and quite rightly; for the early history of the island under the Portuguese, the Dutch and the British is very entertaining. Already, before Napoleon, England had provided the usual pair of quarrelling clergymen, who fought about the islanders' morals. These seem nowadays irreproachable, for there is no crime; and as the islanders tighten their belts in the face of cruel Customs duties, migrate to Ascension and labour in the isolated mountain farms, whose names are more reminiscent of Wiltshire than of Africa (whence they have some of their blood), they seem, in their respectability, to resemble the pious inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha. Mr. Gosse thinks that if our new Mediterranean policy is going to mean the decline of the island's old enemy, the Suez Canal, its fortunes may recover. His book contains some excellent prints and photographs and is most absorbing reading. It is, in fact, the most interesting book of travel and historical anecdote that I have read this year.

THE annual holiday in Italy has produced in every generation its crop of Anglo-Italian stories. You scored off the starchy visitor at the pension and the hotel, and were amusingly snobbish or affectionate about the peasantry, the waiters, the charming and impossible servants with their extravagant way of behaving like human beings. Like "the natives," about whom the colonist on leave was always telling us, the Italians were "children"—though a glance at Verga or Pirandello would, of course, spoil this delusion, so flattering to ourselves, who remain, in so many ways, the least adult of peoples. Some of Mrs. Faith Compton Mackenzie's short stories in *The Angle of Error* (Martin Secker; 7*s.* 6*d.*) have this setting and are a more sophisticated and double-edged variation on the theme. They do not go very deep, but she is clever at malicious summaries, visual description—there are some remarkable faces in this book—and at trapping her characters like flies in both bitterly and comically ironical situations.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

SPELL PLEASURE EVERYWHERE

The radio sahibs might "gong" you, but millions of smokers will know you're right in spelling 'pleasure' P.L.A.Y.E.R.S.—And remember there are two spellings—both correct—MEDIUM or MILD.

N.CC.441

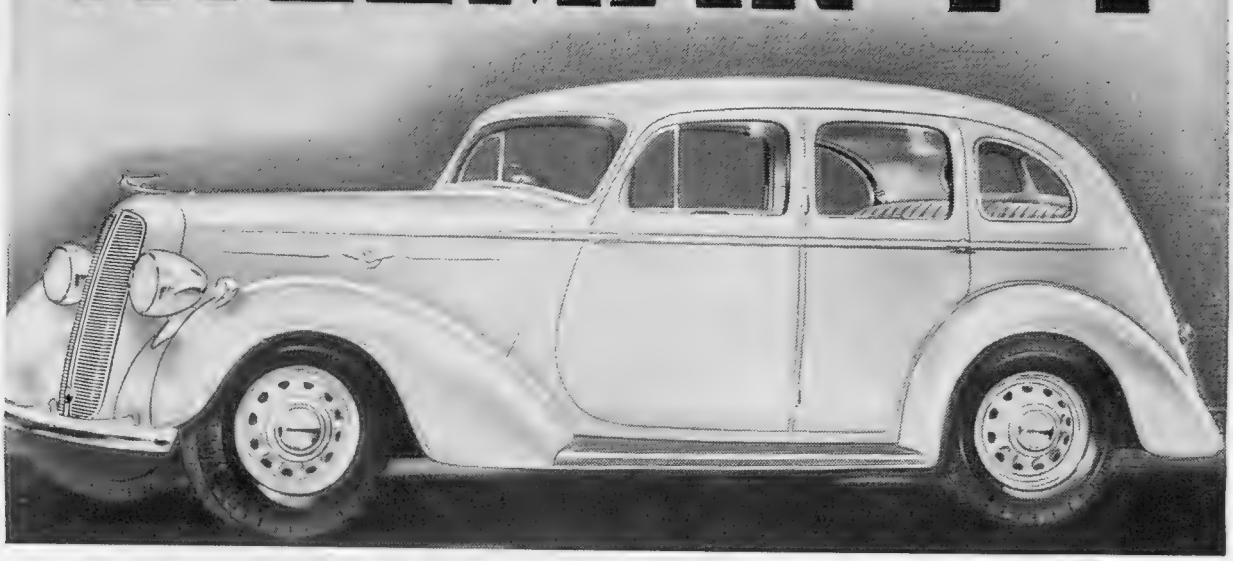
Golf Clubs at Home

Royal Porthcawl, South Wales

This well-known Club was founded in 1891, when permission was obtained from the local vestry to lay out a nine-hole course on Locks Common. In 1895 nine holes were added; in 1898 the original nine were abandoned and the modern course founded. The links lie on a promontory buffeted by the Atlantic Ocean, and their invigorating position is equalled by the boldness of some of the holes. The total length is 6272 yards

(1) Owen Davies (committee). (2) C. Stuart Hallinan (committee). (3) E. S. Rowe. (4) J. G. Hutcheson (professional). (5) Sir Robert Webber (ex-captain), W. J. Treseder-Griffin, Ernest Breffit (ex-captain). (6) W. Pegler, R. F. Orr (ex-captain), P. G. Swann, A. D. Goodwin. (7) Evan E. Davies, O.B.E. (captain), G. H. P. Redford (secretary). (8) J. M. Turnock and J. D. Jenkins. (9) John Owen and Gwyn Jenkins (committee members)

HILLMAN '14'



FOR SUPERB PERFORMANCE

70 m.p.h. with remarkable smoothness and acceleration; performance and reliability that only a 4-cylinder engine can give. Spacious interior seating five/six passengers. Unequalled luggage accommodation. Every fine feature, including independent front wheel suspension. Best value in the "14" class.

£248

Drive-away price £62.0.0.
Ask for Transport Acceptances plan.

ROOTES LTD. OVERSEAS REPRESENTATIVES

AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND:	SOUTH AFRICA:	INDIA & CEYLON:	EUROPE & NEAR EAST:	SOUTH AMERICA:	BURMA & FAR EAST:
Mr. C. E. Blayney, Kembla Buildings, 58, Margaret Street, Sydney, N.S.W.	Mr. E. C. Griffiths, P.O. Box 1374, Shell House, C/r Rissik & Main Streets, Johannesburg.	Mr. H. H. Lilley, 72, Park Street, Calcutta, India.	Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.1.	Rootes Argentina, S.A. Calle Juan Fco. Segui, 3775, Buenos Aires.	C. H. Hordern, P.O. Box 255, Singapore.

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO. LTD., COVENTRY. *London Showrooms & Export Div.:* ROOTES LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

C.F.H.237

The Flying Months

By Charles Ward

"Flight"

The "Albatross" taking-off from Hatfield. It is a 100-per-cent. de H. product, with "Gipsy Twelve" engines and variable-pitch airscrews, built at Stag Lane. Both Imperial and British Airways are to use the "Albatross" type for fast passenger and mail services

FLYING for sport, or for the pure joy of covering vast distances in one day, is practised mainly in the summer-time. In July the air season is at its height. Operating companies find their accommodation booked to capacity—schools clamour for more 'planes to cope with the rush of pupils—the R.A.F. obtains its greatest number of recruits—everyone is busy. In advance of the arrival of the first Imperial mail to Sydney by flying-boat, the Prime Minister of Australia has announced that plans for an extension to New Zealand are complete. The two countries will be served by a line across the Tasman Sea, to be started for Christmas this year. Pioneer flights by Kingsford-Smith in earlier days, and by Jean Batten more recently, indicate that the route is quite a practical one for large flying-boats of the type being built at Rochester to-day. They are a heavier edition of the Short "Empire" boat, with a range of 2000 miles and a top-speed of 200.

THE regular service to South America which is to be operated by British Airways, is a further stage nearer being realised. The British Mission is at the moment in Buenos Aires and will proceed to Rio de Janeiro later in the month. Negotiations are very largely political and commercial, for the technical side has been explored by Americans, Germans and the French for many years past. French and German flying-boats cross from West Africa to Brazil every week, and at least 100 flights have been made by landplane over the ocean. Similarly, the Atlantic coast of South America is well served by both land and marine aircraft. Our object in covering the same ground is to carry our own mails and trade to and from a vast continent in which hundreds of millions sterling is invested. The head of the Mission is Mr. W. D. Roberts, who is vice-chairman of British Airways. The air-mail side is being explored by Group Captain Primrose, who was adviser to the General Post Office on this subject, until he retired to become a consultant. Two different types of aircraft will be tried over the route from England to South America—the new Short flying-boat and the "Albatross," illustrated on this page.

THE air display at Gatwick, planned by the *Daily Express*, is still fresh in memory, for a more varied programme, carried out to the minute, has not been offered to the public for a long time. Unlike the R.A.F. Display, which was a Service exercise, the Gatwick show relied more on individuals for its thrill, though the R.A.F. contributed five magnificent items, one-third of the programme. The fly-past of air-liners, which was first on the list, gave the crowd a taste of what was to follow—both the German and the Belgian liners roared over our heads at 50 feet, flying at more than 200 miles per hour. The star aerobatic pilots were Major "Al" Williams, with his American "Gulfhawk," and M. Marcel Doret, with a Dewoitine and a glider. Both pilots are over forty years of age, which seems to prove once more, if proof be needed, that skill in the air does not deteriorate after twenty years of flying.

WILLS'S CAPSTAN *Shanties*

When the bold Viking raiders sailed down to invade us
Their standards of comfort were dreadfully low:
A flagon of mead was the most that they'd need—
(*'Better buy Capstan wherever you go*).

But when *we* sally forth on a cruise to the North
(For the tables have turned since those days long ago)
We travel at ease and live as we please—
(*'Better buy Capstan wherever you go*).

With cares left behind us, each Summer will find us
Where sun shines at midnight and fresh breezes blow.
Then cry "All Aboard!" for the Land of the Fjord—
(*And 'better buy Capstan wherever you go*).

LYRICS AND DECOR BY
W. D. & H. O. Wills
MAKERS OF
CAPSTAN CIGARETTES
"'Better buy Capstan, they're blended better"

STAGER

W. D. & H. O. Wills Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.615

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE two principal events on the calendar for next Saturday are the Nuffield Trophy Race at Donington and the Ramsgate Concours d'Elégance.

An entry numbering twenty-four has been received for the Donington race, and among these are Hadley and Dodson on Austins; Smith and Cudden-Fletcher on M.G.s; Maclure's Riley; a host of E.R.A.s, including Earl Howe, "B. Bira," A. C. Dobson, A. P. R. Rolt, J. P. Wakefield, and a newcomer to the marque in A. C. Pollock. One of the most interesting entries is that of the Phœnix Special, which provides Dudley Froy with a welcome return to racing. This car is a supercharged two-stroke of 1084 c.c., the engine being fitted into a 2·3-litre Bugatti frame.

The Ramsgate people are full of news about their event. The fact that this is to be the only first-class Concours d'Elégance held in England this season will ensure, naturally, a tip-top entry, and interest in the affair will be augmented by an official visit from the Veteran Car Club and the fact that the prizes will be presented at the end by Miss Jean Batten, whose recently published autobiography, *My Life*, is said to be doing "excellent business."

THE recent London Grand Prix Meeting at the Crystal Palace gave rise to doubts in the minds of some people as to just how well the track surface is wearing. It was said by some that the surface is so non-skid that burnt-off rubber clings to it more than it would to a track with a smoother top-dressing.

Personally, I do not think there is any reason to find fault with the *surface* of this track. Any type of surface must of necessity become slip-prone after a number of cars have slithered over one particular spot or round one particular corner, and my own opinion is that, given discreet driving, the surface at the Crystal Palace is certainly no more dangerous than the surface of any other track.

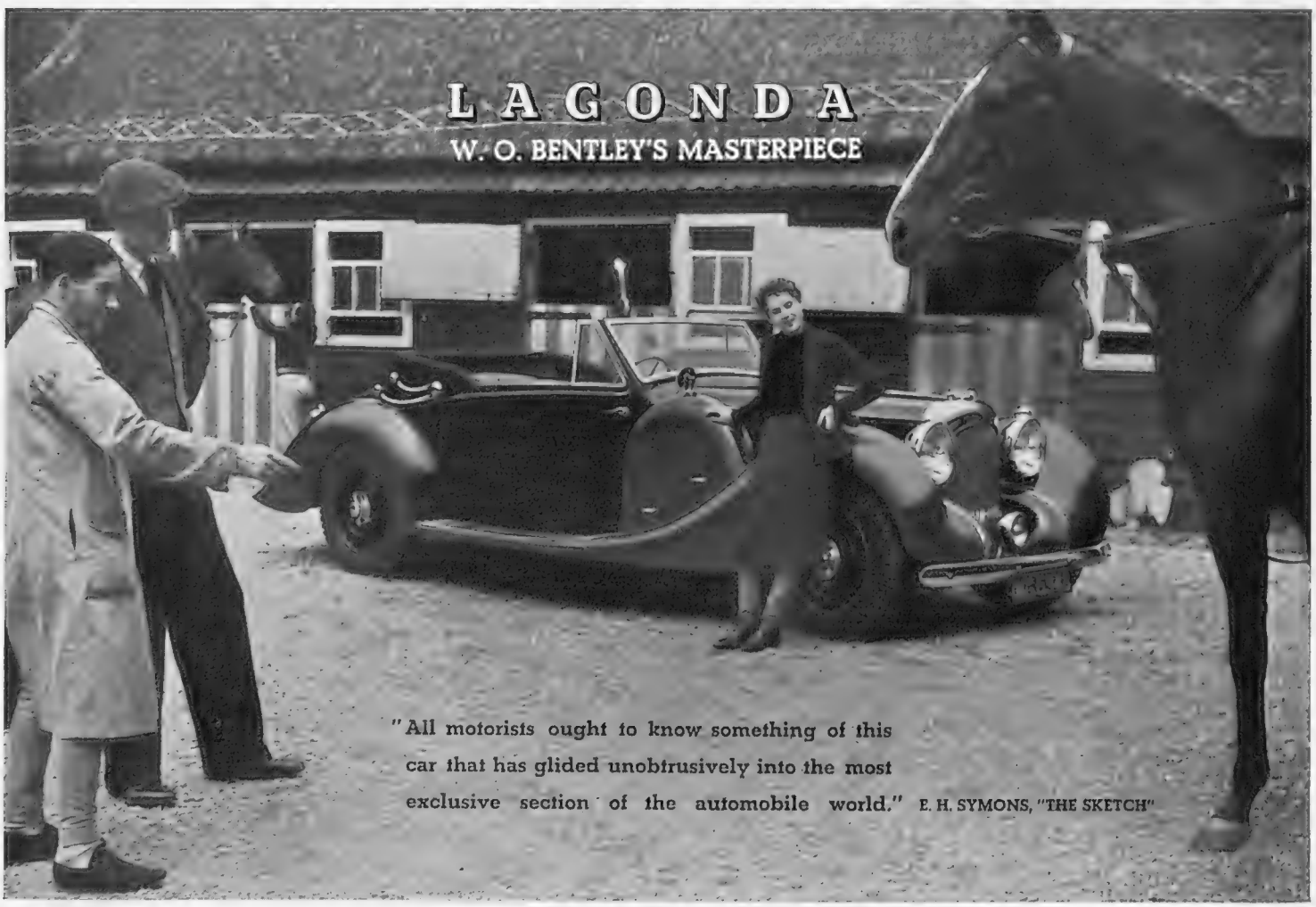
After the London Grand Prix, I was chatting over the affairs of the day with the R.A.C. Steward and, of course, one of the subjects we touched on was that hectic moment when the off-side front wheel parted from Kenneth Evans's Alfa Romeo and went soaring up into the blue right over the heads of the spectators. I learned with interest that the Competitions Department of the Royal Automobile Club is more than somewhat concerned about this particular type of mishap. "The question of wheels flying off racing cars at speed is

(*Concluded on page* viii)

Ladies at the Start

The London Grand Prix meeting was held at the Crystal Palace Circuit, to whose surfacing problems Mr. Hess refers in this article. The Ladies' Cup race was won by Mrs. A. C. Lace in an Alta (farthest); the other two are Mrs. E. M. Wisdom (nearest), and Mrs. Kay Petre

Twelve-cylinder (10' 4" w.b.) Drophead Coupé, £1,575

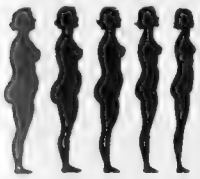


SOLE LAGONDA DISTRIBUTORS FOR LONDON & HOME COUNTIES: UNIVERSITY MOTORS LTD., STRATTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1. (Gro. 4141)

TIME TO SLIM
for a youthful *Holiday Figure*

Holidays! Meeting new people, wearing sports clothes and swim suits, that need a slim, youthful figure to carry them off; forming new friendships, that may mark a turning point in your whole life! You simply can't afford to look fat and lumpy, with a figure that says age is waiting round the corner. But you need not worry. You can get rid of those over-generous curves in time if you begin now with Natex.

SEE HOW EXCESS FAT GOES WHILE YOU EAT



Between the first and the last figures there is 42 lbs. difference in weight, 42 lbs. of unhealthy, burdensome, figure-spoiling, unnecessary FAT! These figures show the progress of your slimming when you take Natex. It gets rid of fat, safely and surely, while you eat. We must say quite clearly that Natex is not a drug. It is a tonic slimming food that acts by re-invigorating the thyroid gland with the organic food it needs to help the absorption of fat. That is why Natex is the *sensible* and *natural* way to slim.

19 EDITRESSES OF WOMEN'S MAGAZINES RECOMMEND NATEX. THOUSANDS OF LETTERS FROM DELIGHTED USERS TESTIFY THAT NATEX:—1. Reduces Fat at the safe rate of 2-4 lbs. a week. 2. Improves your Looks. Keeps your complexion clear because it banishes poisons. 3. Increases your Vim. You lose weight, gain vigour and health. Why don't *you* start taking Natex now? A small capsule with your meals is all you need do to gain a younger, slimmer figure, improved looks, greater vitality. Go to your chemist and buy Natex right away, and no longer need you envy slimness. Achieve it with Natex in time for your holiday.

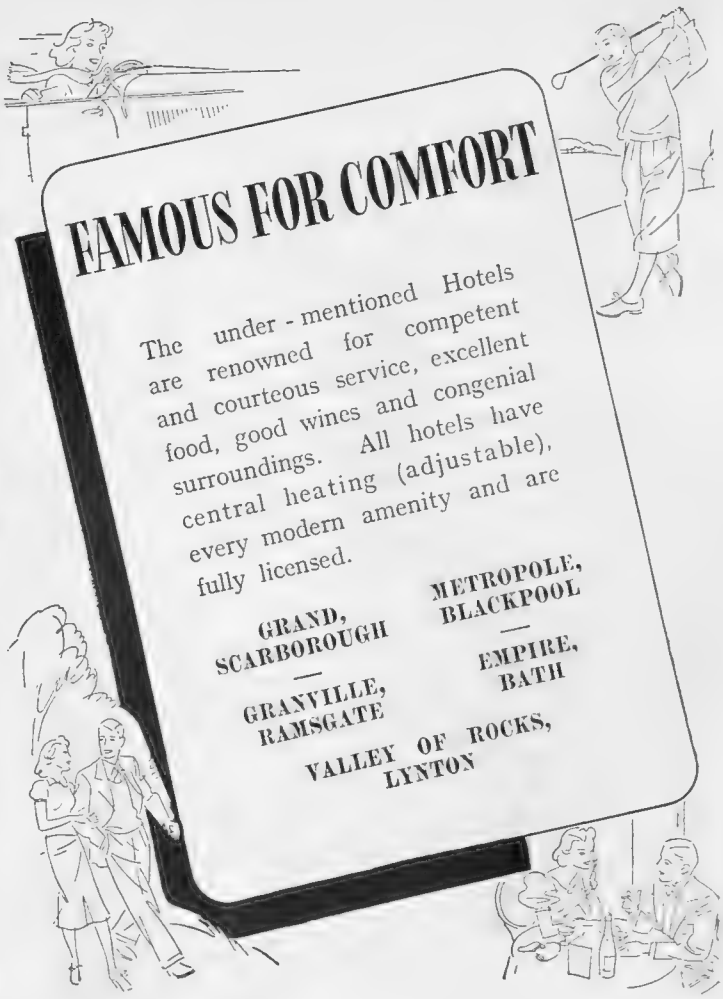
FREE. *The Truth about How to Slim and Stay Slim.*

If you want further evidence of what Natex can do send for FREE Booklet. It tells exactly how and why Natex slims and gives testimony from women in all walks of life. Send to Modern Health Products, Limited, 235, Natex House, 38, Langham Street, W.1. Obtainable from all good Chemists and Health Stores.

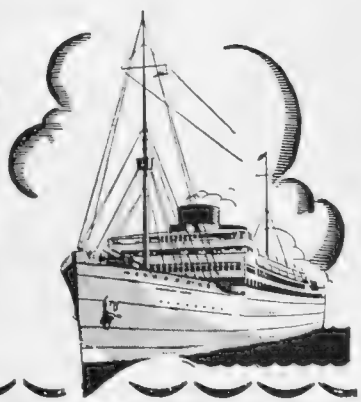
2/-, 5/6, 9/6 and 17/6 packets.

Natex TONIC SLIMMING FOOD

Indian Agents: Messrs. Issa Sons & Co., P.O. Box 830, Bombay.
South African Agents: Messrs. L. Fatti & Co., Ltd., Johannesburg.



£1:13:9



For a friend in a foreign country or in the Colonies, there is no greater joy than to receive THE BYSTANDER every week—full of news and exciting pictures of home. For the modest sum above, our Publisher will dispatch for you for twenty-six weeks—no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting.

Just write to THE PUBLISHER, THE BYSTANDER, 32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C4.

For the information of our Guests:

★ PARADISE ★

189, REGENT STREET, W.1. Phones: Regent 1514-7328.

AN ENTIRELY NEW FLOOR SHOW

"Rhythm in Paradise"

STARRING

* DOUGLAS BYNG *

with **PAT DENNY** (Personality Girl from "IDIOT'S DELIGHT"), **BERNARD and MARQUEEZ** (Sensational Eastern Dancers), **"THE 'PARADISE' GLORIFIED GLAMOUR GIRLS."** DANCING TO ARTHUR ROSEBERY AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

TWO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT SHOWS, 1.0 a.m. and 2.30 a.m.

Ems
Rhineland

World-renowned Spa against Catarrhs and Asthma

(Germany's Famous Golf Course.)

Free information and illustrated literature from all travel-offices and the GERMAN RAILWAYS INFORMATION BUREAU, 19, Regent St., London, S.W.1.

THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBES
VITTEL FOR VITALITY

FOR ARTHRITIS AND HEPATIC INSUFFICIENCY

VITTEL FOR VITALITY. DRINK THE VITALISING WATERS: VITTEL "GRANDE SOURCE" VITTEL "HEPAR". IT'S VITAL TO GO TO VITTEL

GET THE VITTEL HABIT — IT'S A GOOD ONE!

To have a real holiday -- to be free from all the petty troubles of everyday life -- change scenes completely—Go to Vittel, the Park Spa of Europe. Every hour there you will find healthful rest and pleasure. The famed waters, "Grande Source" and "Source Hepar", will transform your fatigue into energy, correcting the faulty elimination of toxin; if you suffer from arthritis or hepatic insufficiency, a cure at Vittel will give rapid and gratifying results. And once you have taken a cure you can continue its good effects by drinking bottled Vittel at home. Vittel Waters are on sale everywhere.

Stay at the GRAND HOTEL, VITTEL PALACE or the de luxe ERMITAGE, which faces the beautiful 18 hole golf course. In Vittel, there are accommodations to suit every purse.

Let us send you a free booklet describing the delights of Vittel -- the swimming pool, tennis courts, racing, concerts, theatre, Casino... write:

Société Générale des Eaux Minérales de Vittel, Vosges, France, or apply to French Railways -- National Tourist Office, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1. or any Travel Agency.

The Spa to choose this year

What a Beauty ! *(Continued from page 23)*

and now he had learned his lesson. Just this once, this last time. Reprieve at the eleventh hour. And it *would* be reprieve—he could *feel* it. It was the strongest, the strangest certainty he had ever had. Thinking about it now, he hardly worried any more. Gay Dog would win it. He would win it and save everything. Mr. Hodge nodded his head quite firmly. Somehow he *knew* it. The *last chance* would come off.

The afternoon dragged interminably. Time seemed to be comprised of quarter-seconds. Two - thirty, two - forty - five, three - fifteen, three-thirty-five. . . . The noise of the typewriters, the faint ticking of his wrist-watch. Minute after minute—slowly, all the time slowly.

Several times he answered the 'phone and talked mechanically about his work. He checked some figures, found a few mistakes, and he smiled, bitterly amused at the fact that his brain was working so well, even at this pitch of nervous strain.

At four o'clock he paused. They were handing tea round, the others in his room, and there was a general slackening-off. The back of the afternoon was broken now. But Mr. Hodge sat silent, stirring and stirring at his tea, saying nothing to the boy who put it on his desk. Four o'clock. In another minute they would be off. Those horses—Gay Dog and the others. In another five or six minutes he would be out of all this trouble. Mr. Hodge smiled. There was a cold, hard feeling inside him. In another five minutes he would be made—or ruined. The last chance.

He sat quite still, and before he had realised it it was quarter-past four. A sudden rush of work came up; two 'phone calls came. For a time his mind was almost completely taken off his worry. But at four-thirty he could stand it no longer. He got up from his desk. "Oh, Martin," he said to his assistant, "I 'm just running out for a minute or two. If anyone calls, say I 'll be back in ten minutes."

He left the room, conscious that several of them were surprised and puzzled. He had never done such a thing before.

At the corner of the street he bought a paper from a boy who was racing past. His hands were trembling slightly, and the cold, hard feeling inside him was worse. For a second or two he leaned against the window of a shop, and then smiled bitterly. Funking it was no use. He had to *know*.

In the stop press column he saw it at once, in smudged type: York Bells 1, Gay Dog 2, Hollywood 3. 7—4. 10. 3.

The print danced and waved before his eyes, and his brain seemed for a moment to stop working. Gay Dog 2. Second! *Second!* After all that—second!

He paused, suddenly very calm. There was only one thing to do. It was all very plain now. Everything was plain.

Pushing the paper into a refuse-bin at the kerb, he turned the corner of the street and re-entered the office building. His face was expressionless, and he felt quite calm.

He went to his desk and resumed work, saying nothing. And time went past quickly. He closed his mind to everything except what he was doing, and worked hard. His books must be tidied up, his accounts be exactly right and up-to-date. This was the end.

At six o'clock the others began locking their desks and going home. But Mr. Hodge stayed on. One by one the lights were put out, and soon, except for the porter, there was nobody on the floor except himself. And at six-forty-five he was done. He put the last of his books away in his desk, cleared out all odd papers, carefully folded and stuffed into his pocket the racing edition of the paper. He was done. The firm would have no quarrel with him as an employee, even if they had with him as a man. This was the end of it.

He walked over to the window and opened it. Down below the pavement was faintly blue in the street light. And there were but few people now. The early rush was over, of course. It was getting late.

Mr. Hodge looked down carefully, his brain queerly cold. Must wait until there was a good, clear space; mustn't risk falling on someone and hurting them. That would be a dirty trick. For a second or two more he hesitated. But there was nothing else to do. To-morrow the bookmaker would start making trouble for that ten pounds. The bank would refuse any more loan. The sports club committee would require explanations. No, there was no future. He had finished everything himself. And for his wife too. She had her own small income: she wouldn't have anything to worry about—and, anyhow, what would living with her be after this . . . after the humiliation of . . . No, no; there was only one way. Only *one*.

Mr. Hodge took one more look below, shut his eyes, and quite deliberately, and quite soundlessly, threw himself down the hundred feet to the pavement below. . . .

At the bookmaker's office the pale, weedy youth who was clerk scratched his head. "I say, Mr. Lewis," he said. "Hadn't you said you was going to 'phone up about that four o'clock race business? That Mr. Hodge had a tenner on it. Lot of money fer him—and he 's a good client, too, Mr. Lewis. The sort that appreciates a bit of extra service—apart from the fact that learning a thing like that will be pretty good, anyway—if he hasn't already read it in the papers."

"Ah, won't be in the papers—unless it gets the late night final," Mr. Lewis said. "Long job, that enquiry. And can't ring Hodge, anyway. He said I was never to ring his office, see?"

"Well, he 's got a home number, hasn't he?" the clerk said. "Why not ring him there?"

Mr. Lewis laughed throatily. "Don't talk silly!" he said. "What 's your hurry? Let him find it out for himself."

The clerk shrugged his thin shoulders. "All right," he said. And as he put on his coat to go off home he grinned. "Nice surprise that 'll be for some people, that Gay Dog," he said. "I never reckoned he 'd get away with that objection. Coo! Wouldn't have minded a bit on him myself too. Ten to one, eh! That Mr. Hodge of yours has picked up a nice packet. Ten to one! What a beauty!" THE END.

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page vi)*

the one thing which it is utterly impossible for us to control," this Steward told me, "but we always feel afraid that one day disastrous consequences may ensue from just such an accident. Remember, a spectator was killed at Indianapolis this year by a wheel from one of the cars."

I well recall seeing a marshal knocked out at Brooklands, some years ago, by a wheel which came off George Eyston's M.G. Nor am I likely to forget the amazing escape a number of us had at Donington last year when Austin Dobson's Alfa Romeo shed a front wheel while travelling at speed down Starkey's Straight. This wheel shot right over the roof of the pits and bounced across the track between the pits and the paddock, officials scattering for their lives. Eventually the wheel came to rest against the rails, behind which spectators were tightly packed. There was, also, the occasion at Brooklands, in the 1935 500-Miles Race, when a Bugatti driven by T. G. Clarke lost its off-side rear wheel when coming off the Byfleet banking. The wheel vanished over the top and the car subsided on to its brake-drum, one-half of which was completely worn away before the car could be pulled up. A tyre from one of Sir Malcolm Campbell's record-breakers killed a boy spectator on Fanoe Beach, off the coast of Denmark, some years ago; but fortunately no-one was injured when a rear wheel, complete with half-shaft, came off Jack Dunfee's car at Brooklands in the 1930 500-Miles Race and bowled along the track right in front of Sammy Davis's Austin "Seven."

I could cite many other instances of racing cars shedding a wheel at speed, but with the exception of the two cases I have referred to above, I cannot think of any instance of a spectator being killed as a result, while, apart from this year's Indianapolis race crash, I cannot call to mind any occasion upon which a driver has sustained serious injuries from such a cause.

Harking back to the Crystal Palace Meeting, it was a piquant coincidence that on the very day of the all-women's Ladies' Cup Race there, the Junior Car Club should have announced its ban on woman drivers in the 200-Miles Race at Brooklands, to be run over the Campbell Circuit on August 27th. Even had I succeeded in my efforts to cajole the J.C.C. into telling me its reason for this announcement, I should probably have lacked the nerve to publish it, so let 's leave it at that!

A vigorous protest is being made to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by the Motor Legislation Committee and the British Road Federation against the proposals in this year's Finance Bill with regard to the taxation of motor fuel. It is proposed to give a guaranteed preference for twelve years to home-produced road motor fuels obtained from British coal, this preference to be secured by means of the tax on petrol. It is the view of the motor organisations that this guaranteed preference may maintain the petrol tax at a minimum of 8d. per gallon for twelve years, and will render any remission of the tax below that figure improbable during the period. The suggestion is made by the motor organisations that the Finance Bill should be amended so that a direct subsidy be paid by the Exchequer to the British Coal-Oil Industry in the event of the petrol tax being reduced below 8d. per gallon. By this procedure, the preference for the home industry would be maintained at the guaranteed rate, and it would not be disturbed in the event of any reduction in the petrol duty.

In view of the raiding of the Road Fund by successive Chancellors of the Exchequer for years past, the already overburdened motorist might even have been forgiven for hoping that such a subsidy of the British Coal-Oil Industry might have been forthcoming from accumulated funds which should, but apparently do not, stand to his credit.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

JULY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, July 6, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

MAPLES

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

REPRODUCTIONS

Finished to resemble the old

The charm and beauty of the Antique has been recaptured in the many beautiful examples displayed in Maples Galleries. Losing little of the attraction of the genuine article, they are no more expensive than modern furnishings.

The pieces illustrated are:

2 ft. 9 in. Tallboy - **£34. 15. 0**

2 ft. 6 in. 3-drawer Commode **£16. 15. 0**

3 ft. Sofa Table, extending to 5 ft. with the flaps in use **£17. 15. 0**

Toilet Mirror - - - **£4. 18. 6**

Stool - - - - - **£3. 9. 6**

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1

MAPLE & CO. LTD. & CORPORATION STREET, BIRMINGHAM PRIVATE CAR PARKS

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY IS NO LONGER MATTER OF AGE . .

REJUVENATES THE SKIN FROM WITHIN

● Write at once for free wonderfully illustrated W-5 book if you have not seen it yet.

Gelty Distributing Co.

156a, Oxford Street, London, W.1

W-5 obtainable from all high-class Chemists and Stores or direct from distributors

CROOKED HEELS

Dr. Scholl's Walk Strates prevent heels running over; preserve shape of shoe. Worn with comfort. Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots, 1/- per pr.

For A Comfortable, Pleasant Voyage... *Take*–

ANDRÉ HUGO

La Maison de Confiance

WORLD-FAMOUS for its ARTISTRY IN HAIR WORK

FRONT OR SIDE CURLS

These are made either on wire or silk loops and can be had in four sizes.

Each

Medium - 10/6

Full - - 15/6

In White and Grey, extra

PERMANENT STEAM WAVING

A Painless Process with a most Fascinating result by the latest scientific method in which no electric heaters are used.

Charges from 1½ Gns.

A "LA MERVEILLEUSE" TRANSFORMATION of the best quality hair, light in weight and easy to cover over or mix in with a lady's own hair—from 15 Gns., and fronts only from 5 Gns.

ANDRÉ HUGO

178 SLOANE STREET, S.W.

Telephone : SLOANE 2504

TREASURE from SCOTLAND

GROUSE WHISKY

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON

PERTH SCOTLAND

Established 1800

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 6—July 12

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AMPHITRYON 38.—Giraudoux's comedy played by the Lunts is fare for epicures: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30. (Last 3 days.)

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's new play: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GOLDEN BOY.—First-class acting by the all-American cast in Clifford Odets' vividly alive play about a young violinist-boxer: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by Nora Swinburne and Cecil Parker as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PEOPLE OF OUR CLASS.—St. John Ervine's play about modern youth and marriage has ideas but not new ones; Nicholas Hannen, Athene Seyler, Mary Jerrold, Ursula Jeans: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SUN NEVER SETS.—West Africa makes a fine schoolboy spectacle to the *Sanders of the River* story; Leslie Banks and Edna Best are somewhere there: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TEMPEST.—Philip Merivale as Prospero, Sylvia Marriott as Miranda: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITE SECRETS.—Described as another *Journey's End*, this story is set in the polar snow: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

HAPPY RETURNS.—Very spectacular and very Cochran, this revue owes most to Beatrice Lillie and some to Flanagan and Allen: Adelphi, 8.15.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO SKY SO BLUE.—Geneva and the League is the background for this tuneful musical, with Gertrude Niesen, Lea Seidl, Cyril Raymond: Savoy, 8.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Fritzi Massary, Peggy Wood, Griffith Jones, Irene Vanbrugh, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PELISSIER'S FOLLIES OF 1938.—A strong cast in a modern revival of the famous potpourri of burlesque, glamour and dance: Saville, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 106.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Powers of the Riviera

The world's playground that is the French Riviera does not run itself, as visitors might imagine, but its galas, sports and attractions are carefully planned by shrewd men, who usually keep out of the limelight. At this important table sits Mr. Charles Simon between the Mayor of Cannes, M. Nouveau, and the Mayor of Nice, M. Médecin

Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

First Nights

MARITZA.—Mara Lossef, a Russian singer, plays lead, with Douglas Byng, Patricia Leonard, in a Hungarian musical: Palace, to-night, 6th.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Gladys Cooper as Olivia, Philip Merivale as Malvolio, Jean Forbes-Robertson as Viola: Open Air Theatre, Tues., 12th.

CINEMAS

ALF'S BUTTON AFLOAT (British).—Alastair Sim and the whole Crazy Gang are here, so what does the story matter? : Gaumont.

L'ALIBI (French).—An ordinary story is made to shine by polished direction, dialogue and acting; von Stroheim, Jouvet, Préjean: Studio One.

BLOCKADE (American).—Madeleine Carroll's newest film is with Henry Fonda and is set in warring Spain: London Pavilion.

THE DEVIL'S PARTY (American).—Victor McLaglen and Beatrice Roberts are in this, which doubles with *Sinners in Paradise*, John Boles and Madge Evans on a South Sea Island: Leicester Square.

THE DRUM (British).—Sabu and the British Army on the North-West Frontier: Marble Arch Pavilion.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS (American).—A revival of a five-year-old film from Hemingway's book, with Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes: Plaza.

GRIBOUILLE (French).—Raimu in this excellent comedy can still be seen. Also, *The March of Time* Nazi Germany film: Everyman, Hampstead.

JOY OF LIVING (American).—This film teams Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, junior: Regal.

ORAGE (French).—Allegret directed this film of a Bernstein emotional story; Charles Boyer and Michele Morgan are the players: Curzon.

L'HOMME DU JOUR (French).—Maurice Chevalier, Elvire Popesco, Josette Day in a thin satire on newspaper stunts: Berkeley.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu; also *Czechoslovakia Prepares*: Academy.

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER (American).—Edward G. Robinson and a hilarious gang of crooks bring Damon Runyon characters to the screen: Odeon.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

THREE COMRADES (American).—A story of three young men—Robert Taylor, Robert Young and Franchot Tone—and a girl—Margaret Sullavan, from Erich Maria Remarque's novel: Empire. (Last day.)

YELLOWJACK (American).—Virginia Bruce and Robert Montgomery are in this: Empire.

YOU AND ME (American).—Two ex-convicts make good (George Raft and Sylvia Sidney): Carlton.

OPERA and BALLET

GLYNDEBOURNE:

Three Mozart operas and a Verdi and Donizetti alternate in the lovely setting of a rural opera house (see dailies for times and train departures).

THE D'OYLY CARTE COMPANY.—A six weeks' season of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas: Scala, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

RUSSIAN BALLET at Covent Garden:

LAC DES CYGNES, FRANCESCA DI RIMINI, SCUOLA DI BALLO: to-day, 6th, 2.30.

CONCURRENCE, THAMAR, L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE, PRINCE IGOR: to-night, 6th, 8.45.

LES CENT BAISERS, FRANCESCA DI RIMINI, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE: Thurs., 7th, 8.45.

COTILLON, PROTÉE, COQ D'OR: Fri., 8th, 8.45.

LAC DES CYGNES, PETROUCHKA, SCUOLA DI BALLO: Sat., 9th, 2.30.

LES SYLPHIDES, L'OISEAU DE FEU, DANSES POLOVTSIENNES: Sat., 10th, 8.45.

'PHONE REGent 6000
for your Theatre Seats
KEITH PROWSE
& Co., Ltd.
159 New Bond St., W.1 & Branches everywhere
YOU want Best Seats WE have them

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

London Nights

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret:

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The Ritz

"It's grand to be alive," said Vic Oliver. "Why don't you try it some time?"

I decided I would. And booked a table at the Ritz. For Life, with a big L, is synonymous with the Ritz. You can go to the farthest-flung corners of the earth, and everywhere you will find "the Ritz" means the same thing — soft lights, sweet music, good food, good wine, fair women, and brave men—you know what I mean.

But it means something else as well, a something that can't be dismissed as snob-appeal. It means that "tranquil consciousness of effortless superiority" (which phrase some other person used to describe somewhere quite else), that indefinable something that Sam and Fran Dodsworth, among others, were seeking when they spent their first night in London at the Ritz. But whether one has come from Poona or is fresh from the playing-fields of Eton, one's first encounter with the Ritz is an event, and one never takes it entirely for granted. If one does—well, so much the better.

Assia de Busny, diseuse from Cannes

One couldn't take it for granted at present, for Assia de Busny, from Cannes, is there. Mlle. de Busny is what is technically known as a diseuse (which is French for ten o'clock!), but one feels she would be happier tearing her pretty page-boy bob to bits amidst the crags of Lammermoor. But I'm glad she's at the Ritz, for a little bit of coloratura makes life even more worth trying.

Nor, however often one has seen him, could one take Vic Oliver for granted, even with a grain of salt. "This time it's love" is his latest saw, "but next time it's ten bob!"

An outrageous creature "Vic," but how delicately he outrages one's tenderest susceptibilities!

I can't even take his violin for granted, although, the other night, a rather blasé party did.

"Just because Garbo chose another musician," sighed Vic rather pointedly, "it's no reflection on me. She just wanted to be alone."

What more can I say about the place? You know exactly how good Joe Kaye and his band are, and I have intimated that it's pleasanter to sit beneath the new Chinese pagodas and scan the Green Park station than vice versa, and——

After all, there's only one thing one *can* say of the Ritz, and that is—it IS the Ritz.

The Dorchester

If the Ritz is Life with a capital L, then the Dorchester, I should say, is Glamour with a capital G.

The Chesterfields take the floor

The air is so heavy with glamour at the Dorchester that one breathes it in almost subconsciously, and I dare swear that you will not have been in that pale gold and raspberry-frappé tinted room for ten minutes before you've evinced a slight tendency (if you're a man) to devour a cigar in the Sam Goldwyn manner, or (if you're a woman) a liability to gaze out insolently from under your lids, à la Dietrich.

But not—this month, at any rate — for long. For soon the Chesterfields take possession of the floor, and no amount of glamour could possibly

EVERY NIGHT

Café chantant

WITH

STAR CABARET ARTISTES

AND

JOE KAYE'S BAND

in the beautifully redecorated Restaurant of the

RITZ

REGENT 8181

PICCADILLY. W.1 :: EXTENSION WEDNESDAY

Tony's

Late "SAN MARCO"

ENTIRELY REDECORATED
MAYFAIR'S SMARTEST GRILL-ROOM
CUISINE, WINES, SERVICE, PERFECT,
NO DANCING

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE
MAYFAIR PLACE, W.1

MAYFAIR 8711

ON PRENDRA — A BOON!

Prunier's popular 'On Prendra' Service solves the problem of Picnics, Surprise Parties, Unexpected Guests or a sudden return to town. Pop into Prunier's, choose the dish you desire, take it away properly packed in convenient cartons, and delectably dine at home.

PRUNIER RESTAURANT

72, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.1

Telephone: REGENT 1373/4/5

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT

CLARGES STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1.

First-class French cooking in Luxurious surroundings.

FLEMING'S HOTEL

HALF MOON STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1.

A luxuriously comfortable and peaceful hotel in the heart of the West End. Renowned for superlative cuisine and service. Double and single rooms. Large and small suites.

Phone: GROsvenor 2964. Grams: Fleminotel, Audley, London.

World famous

HATCHETT'S

RESTAURANT • PICCADILLY

Good Food and Finest Wines
Quiet Atmosphere

MATINEE LUNCHEON 4/6
SPECIAL DINNER 6/6
AND A LA CARTE

NEW COCKTAIL BAR
ENTRANCE IN
DOVER STREET

TELEPHONE REGENT 0217

HARRY ROY'S
Lyricals

1 NORRIS STREET,
HAYMARKET, W.1.

ORCHESTRAS
for all
FUNCTIONS

WHI. 2031

Nature's Aid to Health

MATTONI
(Giesshübler)
Natural
Mineral Water

Bottled at the springs near Carlsbad.
From all hotels, restaurants and wine merchants, or from the importers,
Timothy Temple Ltd., 15 King St., St. James', S.W.1

READ
"RAPIER"
ON RACING
each week in
The Illustrated
SPORTING
AND
DRAMATIC
NEWS

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS
AND BOOKSTALLS
ONE SHILLING

withstand their onslaught, for these two little Frenchmen are clowns of the highest order.

As a matter of fact, they 're getting to be rather a habit with me. I saw them first at the Irene Vanbrugh matinée; I saw them again, the same evening, at the Coliseum, and, still later, again, at the Dorchester. And on the whole I preferred them at the Dorchester. The intimate atmosphere is more suitable for their unemphatic art, and the hour is more civilised.

You would think that, by now, I might conceivably have had enough of the Chesterfields, but not if you 've seen the Chesterfields. After their act, I joined them for supper and heard the story of their lives: how, two years ago, they gave up interior decorating in Paris to try their luck on the stage; how, at that first appearance, they were hailed as successors to Grock; and how, to-day, they have more contracts offering than they can possibly accept.

For the rest, Richard Haydn is still mimicking fish for the predilection of your dog, or any friend you may possess who is favoured with the ear-drums of an elkhound; Cyril Ritchard is still compère; and Jack Jackson is, of course, still continuing to lure you to the dance with his waltzes and, particularly, his rumbas.

Having secreted myself behind a secret panel in Henry Sherek's office, I am now in the privileged position of being able to give you exclusive news of the forthcoming show. But I very much doubt if I will.

Prunier's

Madame Prunier rises like Venus from the foam

"REMEMBER," said Alice Delysia, as we supped on her private beach at Biarritz, "that if ever you feel like an oyster when you 're in London, you 're to go straight to my friend, Madame Prunier."

I remembered. And when, after the Test the other day, I felt rather like a broiled lobster, I collected a friend who had once admitted in a very weak moment that he often felt like a clam enrobed in jelly, and went straight to Madame's, to be diagnosed.

If there had ever been a shadow of doubt about our crustacean status quo, it was dispersed the moment we stepped down into the aqueous depths of the Maison Prunier, for here, among the deep-sea monsters of Colette Gueden, one felt almost embarrassingly at home. The more so when Madame herself rose like Venus from the foam and gave us the freedom of her oyster-bed, where nestled summer Brittany oysters, Portuguese ditto, and cockles (alive, alive o).

While the oysters were having the finishing-touch put to their toilette, a sturgeon that had been smoked in Paris (and consequently had that indefinable "je ne sais quoi" about it) kept us—how you say?—amusée, and later, two little écrevisses shyly made their bow.

But, let me warn you: never be taken in by an écrevisse. I felt the bully of the Remove when I first started the attack, but I must admit that before the gong sounded it had beaten me hollow.

Somewhat shaken, but still indomitable, I next threw the gauntlet at a grillade au fenouil. This is described (rather undemocratically, I thought) as "a common fish grilled in fennel," but don't be snob enough to delete its name from your menu, for it 's not as common as all that.

In any case, any discrepancy in birth or breeding can be overlooked in view of the fun one has with the fennel, which is burnt before one's eyes "as in the South of France."

Although I had spent most of the afternoon peering thirstily at burgundies, clarets, sancerre rosé, old vintage champagnes, in the vast cellars, I really couldn't make a decision, and so I left it to the wine butler to ferret out a nice, still champagne.

One is apt to become a little choosey, though, about liqueurs, and this one must have sampled half a dozen before the right bouquet assailed the nose. This was a Fine 1865.

Of course, if you come from Normandy, you will probably prefer Calvados; Marc Clos Vougeot, if you hail from Burgundy. If, as I have heard it rumoured, you call Champagne "Home," you will obviously give the local boys a boost and plump heavily for Marc de Champagne. But if you live in London, Fine 1865 it will probably be.

You can, I believe, get a bière for a shilling, but, of course, I wouldn't know anything about that.

Hatchett's

"I 'VE no patience with this frog-eating nonsense," said my godfather, who once was out in India and is now more retired than retiring. "You can get as good a meal in any country pub as in any of these—these dégustation places."

I demurred. (It pays to demur with godfathers.) "Where?" I asked, dragging him across Piccadilly and landing, careless-like, at Hatchett's.

"Why — why, *here*!" he cried. And here we are.

How many godfathers, I wonder, have taken demurring godsons to Hatchett's since that day in 1720, when "the White Horse Cellar" first came into being? One can see them, a ghostly cavalcade, arrayed in silks and satins and travelling by carriage, by whirlicot, litter, or glass coach; later, by tinkling hansom-cab; and latest, in tweeds and flannels by purring limousine or roaring roadster.

And so it will always be, apparelled in cellophane and encased in a chromium bullet, perhaps, but, while Hatchett's still stands, they will always come.

M. Boscasso conducts a gastronomical symphony at Hatchett's

And from every corner of the earth. One can hardly move through these gracious rooms without stubbing one's toe on some eminent pillar of the Empire.

But essentially British though it is, I don't want you to feel it is aggressively so.

M. Boscasso will offer you a cocktail—"Primavera"—as insidious as your wildest dream, and he will evolve a dish that will put your imagination out of work.

He should, of course, have been a conductor. To watch him evolve a dish is like watching a Toscanini. Gently he subdues the frizzling butter, enticingly he draws forth the spices, imperiously he summons up the brandy flames into a positively Wagnerian crescendo! I cannot tell you the name of this particular symphony, for, as yet, it has no name. "I would like to call it after some lovely lady," he says.

Well, girls, here's your chance! Collect a pukka sahib, trap him here, and go down to immortality as an entrée! But before you go down to immortality, have a peach. M. Boscasso is very proud of his peaches. He presents them ensconced in cotton-wool: you choose the one that proves most irresistible; it is then taken behind closed doors, ravished, and returned to you à la Melba.

He is also proud of his brandies, and will bring half a dozen for your choice, but if you are the man I think you are (and I think you *are*), you will choose the Champagne de la Maison. It reposes in the largest bottle that even you will have seen, and if you are still insatiate when the last dreg has been drained, you can, I understand, procure a similar flagon for the trifling sum of £22 10s. 2¾d. But I bet you the same amount that you won't be able to carry it home!

The Austria

I DON'T know why, but I 'd always boggled a bit at the "Austria." I felt somehow that it would be frightfully alfresco and gay, and people would wear leather breeches and start slapping each other's thighs at the first croak of the gypsy band. And, frankly, I couldn't quite face it.

I suppose it was really because I hadn't a Tyrolean hat, for the first thing I did last week (when I had one left me by a Mittel European aunt of mine) was to rush round to air it at the Austria.

I had not been there a minute before I saw that my pre-conceived ideas were wildly wrong. So was my hat. Partly, I think, it is the Austria's own fault, for the name "Austria" denotes a certain rurality, whereas the place "Austria" is definitely urban. The walls are upholstered in crimson brocade, the world is kept at bay by curtains of lush plush, and crystal chandeliers tend to make your eyes and diamonds shine more brightly while discreetly discouraging your nose and seat of pants. It is all rather magnificent in a modest way—a cross between Lyons and the Ritz.

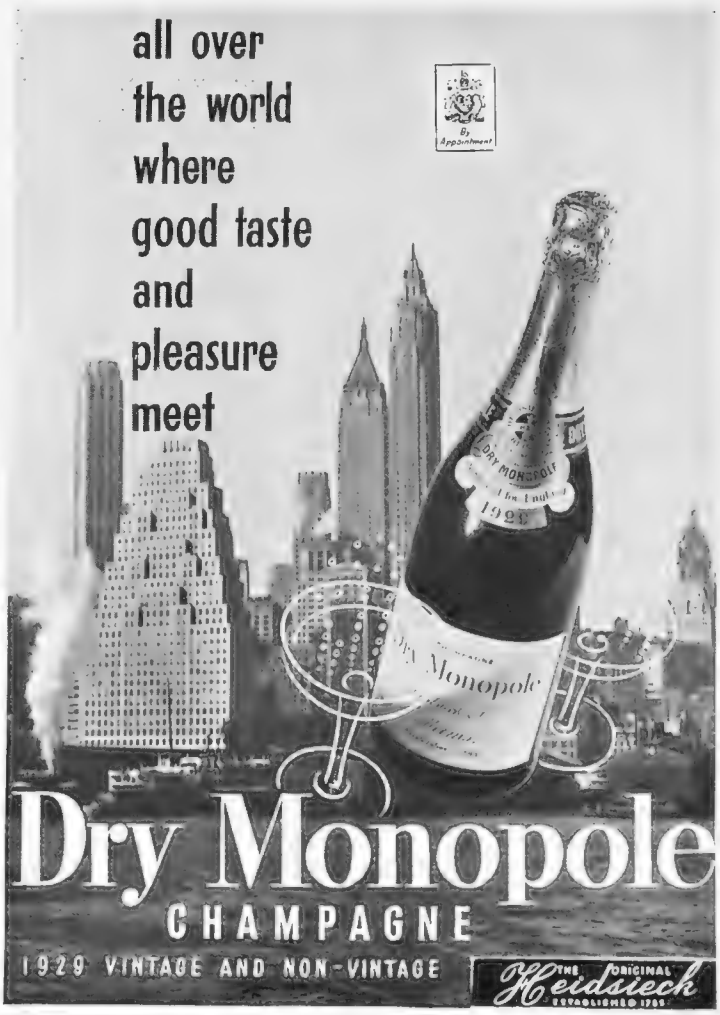
One becomes, of course, very, very Austrian, not to say Viennese. The fish must be Trout Mozart, the entrée Chicken Paprika; the sweet, Strudel Apfel (did one ever really eat apple-pie?—how gauche!). One becomes, inevitably, something of a purist, and suspecting the melon of being more Hungarian than Austrian, sends it back to be verified. One is, incidentally, wrong.

Sandler plays some Zigeuner air, and one begins to think rather wistfully of Fritzi Massary. One becomes more and more Viennese with each sip of the Gumpeldskirschner, and by the time a Harun zigarette has been proffered by a zigarette mädchen (mit—naturally—uniform) one is pondering Gitta Alpar. One's partner is so *un*Viennese. She should be wearing a slinky black sequin gown, and the plumes from her aigrette should sweep the floor as one whirls her, half-swooning, into a Léhar waltz. She should offer a dainty satin slipper brimming over with champagne, and laugh heartlessly as she is carried off by forty-odd (very odd) triumphant rivals. But no; she is in the most uncompromising tweeds; she dances a rather small edition of the Big Apple; and she doesn't even offer you a brogue of beer! Well, she won't be taken to the Austria again, thank you very much! But, I sincerely hope, I will!

The New Queen's

MUCH as I enjoyed the Austria, I can't pretend that it wasn't a bitter blow to find my Tyrolean hat so unnecessary. It was really rather heart-breaking. If one couldn't wear it at the

The Dorchester
presents a SECOND EDITION of
"Personality Parade"
FIRST APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND OF
JOHN HOYSRADT
"A NEW AND SENSATIONAL STAR" — New York Sun
★
JACK HOLLAND AND JUNE HART
"THE BEST DANCERS OF THEIR KIND"—The Observer
★
OLIVER WAKEFIELD
"THE VOICE OF INEXPERIENCE"
★
RICHARD HAYDN
"THE FUNNIEST THING OF ITS KIND IN LONDON"—Daily Mail
★
LES CHESTERFIELDS
"EASILY COMPARABLE TO GROCK"—Sunday Times
★
JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND
★
"A Sherek Show"



Austria, I felt, one could wear it nowhere. So I carefully laid it away in aspic, and carried on as bravely as I knew how.

Bravely I went to my hatter, bravely bought a model that looked both new and vaguely regal, and bravely set forth for the New Queen's.

The bravery was short-lived, I 'm afraid, but stronger men than I would have broken down and wept, for here—here at the New Queen's, if you please, *everybody* was wearing Tyrolean hats!

The New Queen's is, surprisingly, an exact replica of a bierkeller in Bavaria, and much of the authentic atmosphere must have been transmuted, too, for not-so-tired business men, bankers, and dignitaries of the church may be espied any night about twelve rubbing shoulders with film-stars, mannequins, and even journalists, all busily quaffing steins of Tucher Bau (a beer that has been brewed in Bavaria since 1471) and singing Stein songs.

The clientèle is, as I have intimated, cosmopolyglot. You are just as liable to bump into Sir Bernard Spilsbury as Nelson Keys, Bill Tilden as Prince Franz of the Hapsburgs.

By careful espionage you could possibly manage to bump into Princesse de Chimay, and, for a small cover-charge, my secretary, June, could personally arrange for you to knock me right off my feet.

This, of course, to be effected at any time most convenient to you, but I suggest we make it lunch-time. It is not quite so hilarious as at night—but—s-sh-hh—there are other attractions. Without being too sordid, I do think it 's time we discussed money matters, and the New Queen's is the best place to do that. I know you won't believe me, but *this* is what I had : smoked salmon, trout, steak, ice, fresh fruit, coffee—and *this* is what I paid : three and six. (Actually, I didn't pay because I was taken, and so will you be if you pull your strings right!)

I can't see that this sort of lunch at this sort of price can possibly pay them, but their loss is certainly your gain, and we can only trust that they make it up on the swings.

" V" o'clock at the Bon Viveur

The Bon Viveur

I don't suppose anybody pretends that London is at its happiest at this time of year. It 's dusty and stuffy and sticky, and one finds one's mind continually straying across the Channel. One's body, however, is apt to remain behind. And it is with one's body (in these unspiritual columns, at any rate) that one is preoccupied. How to dress it? (in black or white tie?). Where to take it? What to feed it?

Well, I suggest that when you next find yourself in this nebulous state, you allow it to remain in whatever it happens to be wearing, bundle it unceremoniously into a taxi, and take it to Le Bon Viveur.

Here, at the signpost within, you will pause a moment to decide whether you 'll take it to the plage (300 metres) or to the ville, but, whichever you decide upon, you will meet your errant soul within a second and be complete again, for to-night you are across the Channel—to-night you are in Juan-les-Pins!

Personally, I tramped down to the plage, found a table under a heavily-laden peach tree, and gazed so far out to sea that I knocked my nose on it!

Arthur Riscoe, I noticed, was " going to town " in the ville in quite a big way, but suffered almost as rude an awakening, for when he opened his vine-covered trellis he came face to face with Shepherd's Market.

But, for the most part, time and space do not exist. Time, as the world knows it, anyway, most certainly does not, for the clock above the door sports no figures, only the letters of the name of the club. A perfect alibi for unpunctuality (" My dear, I 'd no idea it was so late! It was only about R minutes past L when we left "). And space has been equally cajoled. Why bother to have the band 500 metres away, when its strains float just as nostalgically from its roost six metres hence?

I don't know if you 're still interested in food or whether you 've risen above all that sort of thing, but I don't mind betting that from the moment you first savour that orange and grape-fruit cocktail, soused, as it is, in Bon Viveur liqueur, you will be well set on the way to becoming a true bon viveur yourself.

And don't forget, as you continue to wend your way, that " un repas sans vins est une journée sans soleil."

I should say a Château Rockelle, 1924, would be as good a soleil as any.

What 's the best time to go? Oh, about E past V!

Tony's

But perhaps you would prefer to go farther afield than Juan-les-Pins?

Then come with me to Tony's, where the old San Marco used to be; take your last fond look at London for at least the next two hours, and step under the blue-and-crimson portico into Venice.

Tony and his electric spit in Renaissance surroundings

Now don't get unnerved. I mean it 's not all gondolas and masques and blinds and bits of Venetian nonsense. It 's just that the décor, modern as it is, in soft greens and peach, has gone to the Italian Renaissance for its general motif.

There are immense lamps, restrainedly ornate, on slender poles; there are grilled casements; there are grilled chickens. But, first and foremost, there is Tony. Tony took me much farther across the world than Venice. He took me 12,000 miles away, to Romano's, in Sydney. It was at a party of Lord Gifford's. I was dancing with Madge Elliott. . . . I 'm sorry to digress, but Tony practically inaugurated night-life in Australia. Romano's, which he opened, was a bit of the old world in the heart of the new. If he could do that there, " what," I asked myself, " will he not be able to do with this, 'ere? " I did not answer.

What I like about Tony is that, unlike so many restaurateurs, he is not at all grand, and he doesn't attempt to intimidate you. He says that to run a restaurant successfully one must have been a waiter and a cook (no, he doesn't even call it " chef "), and he is as proud of having been both as he is of his new electric spit, which is saying a lot.

And he is a human being. Don't be frightened of ordering the cheapest thing on the menu, for he will be just as entranced as if you had ordered a Lucullan feast.

But even if you gave him his head, you may rest assured that he would not lose it.

I mean he won't start inundating you with peacocks stewed in their own juice, and wines that will give you a headache before you 've taken a sip.

He will probably give you a very pleasant but not too extravagant little bird, and a bottle of Hattenheuser Hassel 1934.

Tony is keeping his weather-eye open, and during these hot months he 's specialising in a cold mousse of lobster, ham and peaches that should keep the temperature down.

If, on the other hand, you are already down and need a pick-you-up, then ask him to make you his latest sweet—a frothy concoction of egg and dry sherry.

He created it after the first-night of *Golden Boy*, and as I was with a couple of members of the cast, " Golden Boy " it was christened.

It was quite unofficial, but don't be chary of ordering one. Tony will know what you mean.

The New Clarges

" What I like about the New Clarges," said my fair companion, " is that it is not like a restaurant at all. One eats the sort of dinner one has at home, in the sort of surroundings one has at home."

I agreed, and yet, do you know, I found the New Clarges distressingly unlike my bed.-sit., and the five-course dinner most painfully unreminiscent of my habitual kippered herring.

But I contrived to look bored. " It 's not like being out at all," I volunteered in the middle of a yawn. But, believe you me, it is!

Perhaps if your dining-room has a subtle green carpet, and your upholstery is rust and jade; perhaps if your curtains are cream with dark red leaves and the wall panels between are dark red with cream-coloured leaves (" The same material," my companion whispered shrewdly, " reversed "); perhaps—well, perhaps *then* you will be unable to differentiate between your home and the New Clarges, but the verisimilitude must stop somewhere, and I think I know where it stops.

It stops (tell me if I am wrong) at " the Island " which M. Binaco has caused to be placed in the centre of the room.

" The Island " is M. Binaco's pride and

M. Binaco's " little shop " at the New Clarges

joy. "It has solved all my problems," he told me with a grateful glance in its direction. "You see, it divides the room into four. People who are dressed, they go this side; people who are, as you say, undressed, that side. Old people can be put there, where they can have quiet, and young people here, where they can be noisy"——

I looked for some little haven for young people who want to be quiet, and old people who want to be noisy, but in vain.

"—The slow ones can go there, the fast ones here"; it was a fascinating discourse, and Binaco, I think, enjoyed it as much as I. He positively revels in discretion.

But if you want to make him really happy (and after you have tried his Sole Czarine you will think he deserves to be), you must ask him to show you his "little shop."

He will then dart off, and with a look of unbelievable cunning, press a completely invisible button, whereupon an apricot-tinted mirror (which makes you look so bronzed and fit) will slowly rise up to reveal a perfect little shop, complete with counter and attendant. The attendant will soon disappear in rather mysterious circumstances, for M. Binaco feels that half the fun is lost unless he tries to sell you his wares—"Peaches? Strawberries? A little canteloupe?"—himself. You will find him, I think, very difficult to resist. And he knows it. And hugs himself with almost demoniacal glee.

How to dress? Oh, just the sort of thing one wears at home! But I don't altogether advise those carpet slippers.

A Kempinski dish, "rather like the Princess in 'Turandot'"

Kempinski's

"THERE 's a tavern in the town—in the town . . .", and its name (need you ask?) is Kempinski's. Here you can lunch with your cheek adjacent to the jowl of the great and near-great of the stage—and all for the sum of three-and-six! Of course, it is quite easy to spend a good deal more than three-and-six, and, if this is your ambition, I should find a quiet, secluded little nook (unexpectedly plaid) beneath an understanding light (unexpectedly fashioned in the shape of a witch's hat)—and let yourself go!

Look, I 'm getting a bit tired of sublimation. Let 's be frankly gastronomical. Let 's get really down to it, and water, if we want to, at the mouth.

I 'll tell you exactly what I had, and then you tell me.

I started off with a coupe Nectar, which, in case you missed it, is a crab cocktail served in a glass that is accommodatingly bottomless. Then I had Kaltschale. "Kaltschale," candidly, didn't mean a thing to me. I thought it looked vaguely like hot tomato soup, and as hot tomato soup I set about it.

Imagine my embarrassment when I discovered it was *cold strawberry* soup!

I tried not to look too surprised, but it practically knocked me off my perch. Kempinski, who had been watching the whole ruse from some concealed point of vantage known only to himself, was delighted, and hastened over to make sure I had enjoyed his "little surprise." I had.

After this he insisted on preparing an Atteraux Kempinski, a Hungarian mixed grill of the most outré type. It arrived in great style, a mass of skewered cherries and fan-shaped potatoes, looking for all the world like the wicked Princess in *Turandot*! A good deal of drinking had been going on, in, of course, a nice, refined sort of way. Rudesheimer Berg '34, I think it was, and, for the middle of the day, one bottle between two proved ample—almost fatal.

And yet "Turandot" had engendered a tremendous thirst. "I have just the thing for you," cried Kempinski, when I had confided the problem to him. "Apple Shloer."

Apple Shloer is the pure, unadulterated juice of the Swiss mountain apple, that firm acid fruit that is as refreshing as a tramp up the Matterhorn and back. It is unheated, and, consequently, in full possession of its vitamins. And although it is not intoxicating, you will, I promise, be intoxicated.

And now *you* tell *your* experiences at Kempinski's. Don't be shy. You 'll find me very broadminded. After all, we 're only young once, and there is only one Kempinski's.

STANLEY PARKER.

KEMPINSKI'S

The most cosmopolitan restaurant in Mayfair, where a seventy-five years' tradition in the classic art of cooking is maintained by the famed Messrs. Kempinski. In the evening Castelli and his piano, and Marjorie Dale, the Singing Cigarette Girl, will entertain you.

99/101, REGENT STREET (SWALLOW STREET). REGent 1686/7.

le bon Vivenr

SHEPHERD MARKET MAYFAIR
Telephone: Gros: 1150
DIRECTION V. DAVICO

AUSTRIA RESTAURANT

Come along to-night and enjoy exquisitely palatable dishes in the charm of Tyrolean atmosphere.
HAROLD SANDLER and his TZIGANE Orchestra
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

PHONE: WHI. 7361

The new QUEENS
LEICESTER SQUARE (Next the "Empire")

Brasserie, Bierkeller, Tyrolean Laendler Band. Open every night till 12.30. Fully Licensed. London's latest rendezvous. LUNCHEON 3/6.

SATISFACTION!

"A Perfect Finish to a Good Dinner" MARTELL CORDON BLEU. A very fine Liqueur Brandy—guaranteed over 35 years in cask and then there's *Extra*—very expensive but Martell's finest Liqueur Brandy—70 years in cask.

Obtainable at all leading Hotels and Restaurants

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Hay Wrightson

Hereward Drysdale and Pamela Blyth

Hereward Theodore Hewitt Drysdale and Pamela Lilian Blyth announced their engagement in May. He is the elder son of the late Dr. Theodore Drysdale and Mrs. Drysdale, of 59, Princes Court, Knightsbridge; she is the only daughter of Captain Douglas Blyth, M.C., of Lanakai, Honolulu, and Mrs. William Miller, of 9, Trevor Place, Knightsbridge

Felicity Hurst and Kenneth Elphinstone

His Honour Judge Sir Gerald Hurst and Lady Hurst's fourth daughter has announced her engagement to Kenneth John Tristram Elphinstone, son of the Rev. Canon M. C. and Mrs. Elphinstone. Sir Gerald Hurst was formerly M.P. for the Moss Side division of Manchester; he and Lady Hurst live at Hoblands, Chislehurst, Kent. Canon and Mrs. Elphinstone live at Southchurch Rectory, Southend-on-Sea

Michal Hambourg and Edward Lew

The marriage will take place in the autumn between Edward Lewis, son of the late Harry R. Lewis and Mrs. Lewis, of 11, Upper Phillimore Gardens, W.8, and Michal Hambourg, the daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Mark Hambourg. Her father is the famous pianist, her mother a daughter of the late Lord Mackenzie of Muir. They live at 43, Grove End Road, N.W.8

Cannons of Hollywood

Diana Marjorie Cockell

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Cockell, of Ditton House, Sandy Lane, Northwood, Middlesex, and is engaged to Robert Brook Redfern, son of Mr. A. H. Redfern, of St. Lucians, Wallingford, and Mrs. H. Beebee, of Wyvern Road, Sutton Coldfield

Pearl Freeman

Jill Fryer

Is the youngest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. John Fryer, 7th Hussars, and Mrs. Fryer, of Derwent Hall, Stamford Bridge, York; she is to marry Captain William Jones, 5th Fusiliers, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Jones, of 35, Beaumont Crescent, S.W.

Bassano

Mary Berresford

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Berresford, of Duckmanton Lodge, near Chesterfield; her fiancé is Dr. Henry Evelyn Pooler, fourth son of Dr. H. W. and Mrs. Pooler, of The Hollies, Ashover, near Chesterfield

Julia Wan

Beryl Ruth Winter

Is engaged to Jack Beresfo... elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Beresford, of Belfairs, Chis... she is the only daughter of M... C. E. Winter, of Leamingto... Spa, and Mrs. Winter, ... 25, Tisbury Road, Hove, Suss...

Catherine Bell

Joan Ida Gay

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gay, of 152, Cromwell Road, S.W.7; her engagement is announced to Geoffrey Goronwy Owen, younger son of Mr. and the late Mrs. O. H. Owen, of 14, Wilton Grove, S.W.19

Kay Vaughan

Lorna Vanderspar

Lorna Averill Vanderspar, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Vanderspar, of Camberley and Ceylon, is engaged to Montague Sydenham Clarke, the Queen's Royal Regt., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Sydenham Clarke, of Phœnix House, Hartley Wintney

Yevonde

Daphne Josephine Hope

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hope, of Upton Hall, Macclesfield, Cheshire; she has announced her engagement to Derek Eldred Montague Elphinstone, only son of the late Major Montague Elphinstone, R.F.C.

Van

Patricia Mary McCosh

Is the daughter of the la... W. W. McCosh and M... McCosh, of Cornhill, Bigga... Lanarkshire; her fiancé is Su... Lieut. Wilfrid Hornby Cra... ford, son of the late Colon... and Mrs. Archibald Crawfo...

Baker — Salmond

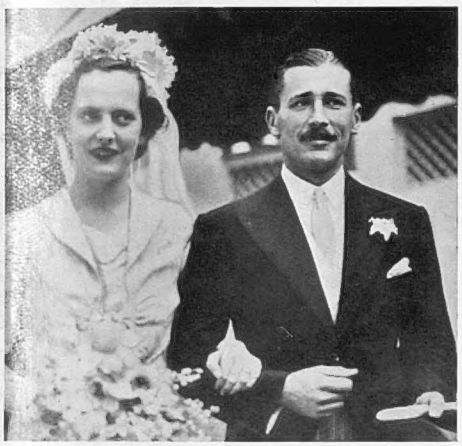
At the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court, Valentine Edward Baker, son of the late V. H. Baker and Mrs. Baker, of The Old House, Theale, near Reading, married Anne Isobel Salmond, second daughter of the late Air Chief Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond and Lady Salmond, of Hampton Court Palace

Essame — Squires

Gerald Essame, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. O. Essame, of 27, Winchilsea Avenue, Newark, married Lorna Squires at Chelsea Old Church. She is the elder daughter of Major-General and Mrs. E. K. Squires, of 182, Kew Road, Richmond, Surrey

Shentall — Traill

Ernest Alan Shentall and Clara Mary Traill were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Shentall, of Lyndhurst, Chesterfield; she is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Traill, of 30a, Acacia Road, N.W.8



Walton — Sim

Captain Bendhye Broome Walton, the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Graham Walton, and Gwynneth Mary Sim, elder daughter of Col. G. E. Sim, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Sim, of Ashdown House, Tidworth, Hants., were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Preston — Wilder

It was a Gloucestershire wedding at Holy Trinity, Long Newnton, between Francis Richard Preston, youngest son of Sir Walter and Lady Preston, of Illsom Farm, Tetbury, Glos., and Jean Graham Wilder, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Graham Wilder, of Newnton House, Tetbury

Pollock — Leverin

Lieut.-Com. Charles Harington Pollock, son of the late George Hume Pollock and Mrs. Pollock, of Stansted, Essex, married Mrs. Patricia Leverin at Brompton Parish Church. She is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Heming, of Victoria, British Columbia

Young — Parkes

Douglas Clifford Young, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Young, of Cliff House, Cliff Parade, Leigh-on-Sea, and Mildred Magdalene Parkes, only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. G. B. Parkes, of Lapal House, Quinton, Birmingham, were married at St. Leonard's, Frankley, Worcs.

Leonard — Byrne

An Irish wedding took place at St. Patrick's, Monkstown, Dublin, between Ralph Leonard, youngest son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Patrick Leonard, of St. Kevin's, Dartry, Dublin, and Cecily Byrne, only daughter of the late John Peter Byrne and Mrs. Byrne, of Beauparc, Monkstown

Clunies-Ross — Brown

Wilfred Clunies-Ross, elder son of Mrs. W. Clunies-Ross, of Elphinstone Lodge, Hastings, Sussex, and Patricia Margot Brown, younger daughter of Mrs. B. E. Boyle, of Lamorna, Plymouth, Devon, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

Welcome to France

THIS CARD

gives you *subject to a stay of at least six days in France :—*

40% REDUCTION

in Railway Fares. (Many other concessions including free rail transport of cars, under certain conditions.)

PETROL REDUCTION

of about 3½d. a gallon for motorists (maximum allowance 132 gallons) under certain conditions.

For sun, fun and sport — for unforgettable holidays — France awaits your pleasure with :

GLORIOUS MOUNTAINS The Alps, Pyrenees, Vosges, Jura & Auvergne, all famous as well for their wonderful spas.

SUNLIT COASTS The fashionable or informal resorts of the Riviera, Cote Basque, Atlantic Coast and just across the Channel, of Picardy, Normandy and Brittany.

ROMANTIC HISTORY Roman and Mediæval France, the Chateaux of the Loire, and many wonderful Cathedral Cities.

● **"H" HOTELS** with officially approved prices in all districts.

● **YOUR INTERESTS SAFEGUARDED** by the Official Claims Department, 27 quai d'Orsay, Paris.

● **FREE LITERATURE** and information from FRENCH RAILWAYS — NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, 179 Piccadilly, W.1, the S.R. CONTINENTAL ENQUIRY OFFICE, Victoria Station, S.W.1, **OR ANY TRAVEL AGENT**

Where living is so inexpensive

CVS—40

safe slimming

REDEX—applied *externally*—absolutely harmless—approved by physicians.

Definitely the safest and most effective method of flesh-reduction. Applied *externally*—cannot interfere with digestion. Absolutely harmless. Report of well-known analytical laboratory (available for inspection) says: "Free from harmful ingredients . . . contains nothing deleterious or irritating to the skin."

Reduces flesh only where applied. Simply rub Redex gently into the skin a few minutes a day. Begins to act in 7 to 10 days. In 3 weeks you are slim!

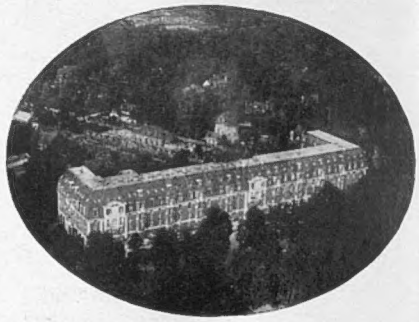
Mrs. A. G. (original letter available for inspection) writes before finishing 3rd bottle: "Before using Redex, waist 32 ins., hips 41 ins., top of arm 14 ins.—to-day, 29 ins., 39 ins., and 11 ins. Have never felt better."

At Selfridge's, Fortnum & Mason's, Bentalls, leading Boots branches, Army & Navy Stores, Marshall & Snelgrove's and all good stores and chemists. If unable to obtain, send 2/1- for a bottle (post free) from Redex Proprietaries Ltd., 85/86, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

2/1- a bottle

Rēdex

for **SAFE** *slimming*



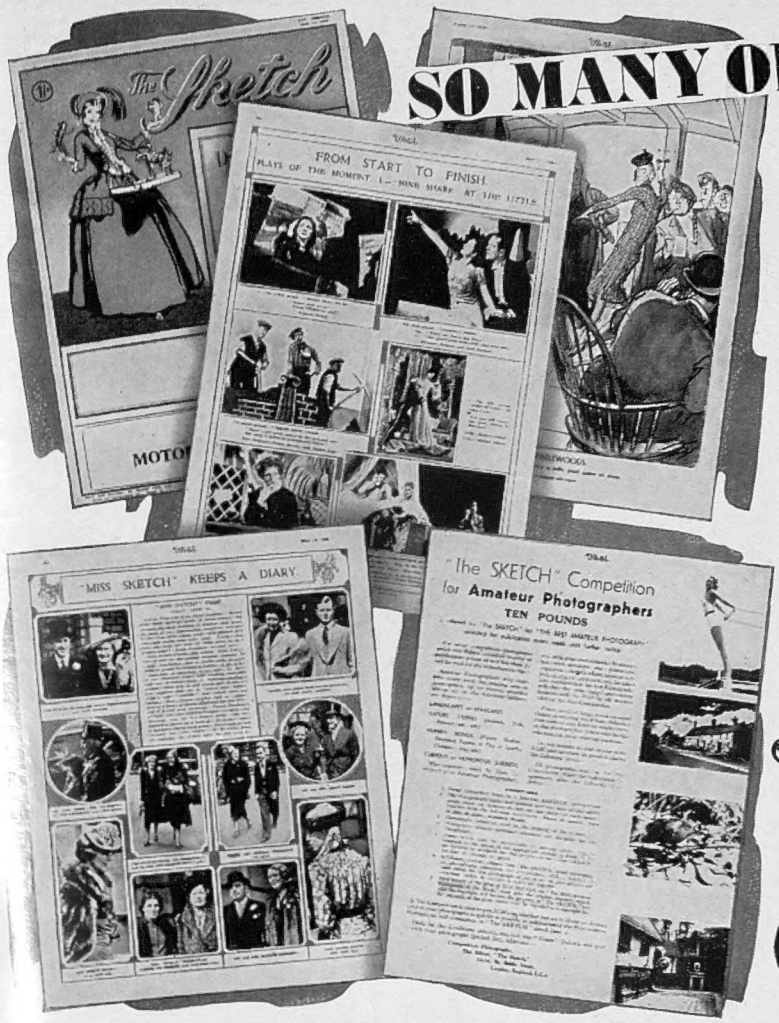
THE WESTMINSTER LE TOUQUET

In Pine Forest close to Casino

250 Rooms all with bath

FULL BOARD, WITH BATH, from 27/6

(reduced terms after 4 days)



SO MANY ORIGINAL FEATURES IN THE SKETCH

For forty-five years "The SKETCH" has been a firm favourite. Today its contents are brighter, more entertaining than ever. In the home, as you travel by train, "The SKETCH" affords hours of delightful reading: and then how often it is eagerly enjoyed by friends and relations overseas. Start taking "The SKETCH" today.

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION. A cash prize of £10 is offered by "The Sketch" for the "BEST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH" selected for publication every week. Consolation prizes of £1 are given for every other photograph published.
"MISS SKETCH'S DIARY." A new presentation of the popular "about-town" snapshots.
"FROM START TO FINISH." An "all-picture" review of a Play that is having a popular run: "THE STAGE" by Ivor Brown.
"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING"—an entertaining article dealing with the sport of the angler.
A weekly TENNIS article by Miss Helen Jacobs. THE CINEMA by Michael Orme—caricatures by Sheriff.
"TALES WITH A STING"—a weekly short story.
"The Sketch" DIARY OF FASHION, edited by Olive Caley-Smith.
"Following Through"—a page on GOLF.
"FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE": advice to prospective investors.
"MOTOR DICTA" by H. E. Symons—dealing with every phase of motoring.
"THE FOOD OF LOVE"—a weekly musical article by Francis Toye.
THE LITERARY LOUNGER by L. P. Hartley.

The Sketch

ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT TO SEND IT
EVERY WEDNESDAY — PRICE ONE SHILLING

When you go to

PARIS

or

BERLIN

You are invited to make use of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS reading rooms where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the dispatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

PARIS: 65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées
BERLIN: 32 Kurfürstendamm

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—(*Continued from page ii of cover*).

SWITZERLAND—*Continued*

Lucerne.—Grand National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—The Palace, leading hotel in unrivalled situation. Directly on lake shore. Quiet—yet central.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own priv. swim. pool. Open-air rest.

Mont Pèlerin.–Gd. Htl.–Most cen., beautiful spot for holidays, 3,000 ft. up. View over Lake of Geneva. Easy access. Terms fr. 12s. a day

Montreux.—The Excelsior—has the best sit. on lake. 1st. cl. 110 rms. all sth. Recom'd for a stay all the year. Personal attention.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel. Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. comft. Golf, Ten., Lge. Park, Gar. Bch.

Oberhofen (Lake Thun).–**Hotel Victoria.**–Leading in pos. and quality. Every comft. Pk. Gar., Bathing, Ten. Pens. fr. Frs. 9.50.

Pontresina.—Sport Hotel Pontresina.—150 rooms with bath and running water. First-class throughout. Full pension from Frs. 15

Spiez—Park Hotel.—above village 5 mins. tr. stn. Delightful walks. Ex. cooking. Pens. room w.r.w. fr. Frs. 9, w. priv. bath fr. Frs. 10

SWITZERLAND—*Continued*

St. Moritz — Badrutt's Palace Hotel.—Host to the Elite.
Season June 15th to end of September.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pens. from Frs. 10. Large Park, Tennis Swimming and Golf.

Thun.–Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.–Every comfort. Large shady Park. Very quiet. Diet. Terms from Frs. 10.

Vitznau.—Park Hotel.—
Bon Bros., proprietors
A1 guaranty for happy holidays.

Weissenburg.–Bernese Oberland.–Waldkurhaus.—Ideal for restf. hols., surr. by splen. woods & Alpine meads. Incl. terms fr. Frs. 10.

Wengen.—Bernese Oberland.—Park Hotel, "Beausite."—1st class fam. hotel. Weekly terms all inclusive from £5

Wengen.–Palace Hotel.–Leading htl. of the Jungfrau dist. offers you the most enjoyable sum. hol. Terms fr. Frs. 15.50. F. Borter, prop.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au lac. Finest situation on lake. Open-air terrace. Restaurant. Bar.

Zurich.—Hotel Waldhaus Dolder.—Family hot. unriv'd pos. overlook'g town, lake, Alps. Full bd. fr. 14. Swimming-pool, golf, tennis.

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS

Rendells

FAMOUS SINCE 1885
APPROVED BY DOCTORS

The GREATEST FRENCH DISCOVERY

FACIAL HOME TREATMENT, **3/6** or write for pamphlet from all Chemists or direct from

KAMARIKA, 96, Oxford Street, W.1
(*First Floor*) Phone: Museum 8074

ASTHMA

New Low Price of 4/-

If you want relief from spells of hard breathing, choking and wheezing that makes you gasp for breath, try Himrod's Cure. It has brought relief to sufferers for over sixty-five years

Made Possible by Increased Demand.

A Doctor writes:—
"I have prescribed Himrod's with unbelievable results"

Insist on the genuine

HIMROD'S CURE

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, The Late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
70, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

FLY TO DEAUVILLE FROM CROYDON IN 55 MINUTES

VIA OLLEY AIR SERVICE, LTD.

Departure from **HORSEFERRY HOUSE**, London, at 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. (Tel. Victoria 6971/4) and from **CROYDON** at 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. (Tel. Croydon 5117/8).
Special **BRIGHTON-DEAUVILLE** service (only 40 minutes), begins July 29. (Tel. Shoreham 500) Fare: Single **£2/15**, Return **£5**. **Two hours** from Paris—St. Lazare. **45** minutes from Le Havre. Information at all travel agencies.

LUXURIOUS ACCOMMODATION AND ACCOMMODATING RATES

Stay at the comfortable **NORMANDY HOTEL**, the **ROYAL HOTEL** or the **HOTEL DU GOLF** which overlooks one of the most beautiful courses on the Continent. Room only, with bathroom, £1. Room and full board inclusive from £1 11s.

All SPORTS—Two golf links—Polo—Tennis—International Regattas—Physical Culture for Adults and Children—Horse Show.

July—August—September:
34 Days of HORSE RACES on 2 courses—5,000,000 francs in prizes.
GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE, SUNDAY, AUGUST 28.
Sale of Yearlings and Polo Ponies in August.

ROULETTE with highest maximum stakes—**BANQUE OUVERTE—BACCARAT.**

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

SATURDAY, JULY 16 and SUNDAY, JULY 17, **AERIAL "RALLY"** from Great Britain to Deauville under the patronage of the Royal Aero Club.
Important BRIDGE TOURNAMENTS from July 23 to August 3.

IMPORTANT GOLF TOURNAMENTS AT THE NEW GOLF

July 10, 11, 12, AMATEUR-PROFESSIONAL MEETING. July 14, COUPE DE DEAUVILLE. August 14, COUPE DU FIGARO. For information: Secretary, J. G. Gillespie, New Golf Club, Deauville.

THREE 1938 NOVELTIES

Bright spots in Deauville are CIRO'S, under the direction of ALBERT from MAXIM'S, TARDET'S BAR, under the management of MAURICE d'ARHANPE, the DEAUVILLE YACHT CLUB, where GEORGES CARPENTIER will welcome you, and Deauville's night club, BRUMMELL. As usual there will be brilliant Galas at the RESTAURANT DES AMBASSADEURS.

Managing Director, F. André. Same Management as Casino Municipal, Cannes, in Winter.

I can stand the racket . . . . . says the

SPALDING TENNIS BALL

7/- PER BOX OF SIX (To Clubs 6/6)

Spalding have built into this ball all the qualities demanded by every player. Absolute uniformity . . . complete control for every shot . . . perfect for hard hitting . . . extra long wear and playing life. Filled with compressed air (no gas) with patented air-tight inner lining . . . super rough cover with resilient unbreakable seams . . . Spalding give you more good tennis per ball . . . and that's real economy.

From all Sports Dealers and Spalding Sport Shops.

LONDON: 318, High Holborn, W.C.1; 78, Cheapside, E.C.2; *and at:—*
Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Southsea, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Belfast.

353

KLOSTERS (GRISONS)

4,000 feet above sea level

Come and see our place once in summer time. Electrically-heated swimming-bath, tennis, mountaineering, great variety of walks. Write for information and literature to—

KURVEREIN KLOSTERS

OSTEND

CASINO-KURSAAL

Open all the year round.

"NOUVEAUX AMBASSADEURS"

WORLD FAMED ATTRACTIONS

Cercle privé open every day.

ROULETTE — BACCARAT